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# *The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly*



# I didn't know!

**A** DEPARTMENT COMMANDER of the Legion made an inspection of National Headquarters the other day for the first time.

"I had no idea," he remarked, "that the Emblem Division handled such a volume of business each year. I didn't know that it carried such a complete line of regalia, jewelry and other supplies."

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Not the least interesting item on the books and under the jurisdiction of the Alien Property Custodian is the Bergdoll Brewery in Philadelphia. The accompanying photograph is a reproduction of an advertising postcard sent out by the brewery in 1907, when there was neither a war with Germany nor an Eighteenth Amendment. Those were the days when the horse-drawn trucks carried something stronger than one-half of one percent and Old Glory flapped proudly in the breeze over the Bergdoll malthouse—and Grover was just about stepping into his first pair of long trousers.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LOUIS BERGDOLL BREWING CO.'S PLANT---1849-1907  
11618  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## Uncle Sam, Big-Time Trustee

By Herbert Corey

WHENEVER I think of the enemy property held by the United States I am reminded of a story that Irvin Cobb used to tell. He related that a colored man had been hound-dogged through a swamp by a body of indignant citizens, had finally been caught, a rope put about his neck, and himself placed on a convenient limb. The chairman of the meeting addressed him.

"Before you jump off," said he, "into eternity, you might like to express a few last words."

The Negro thought deeply for a moment. Then an idea came.

"Yassuh, boss," said he. "It looks like this is going to be a great lesson to me."

Here is the argument. All enemy property holders will be against the next war. Every belligerent country in the war, with the exception of Austria-Hungary, enacted a Trading with the Enemy Law. That law was primarily intended to keep enemy property within the territorial limits from being used for the enemy benefit. In the first confused days of the conflict this sort of thing happened right along. German firms doing business in London, for example, bought goods for the benefit of their home government. Some of them

managed to camouflage their real ownership almost to the very last days, in fact.

Then the warring governments went a little farther. Under the terms of the Trading with the Enemy Act the property of private individuals was put in escrow, so to speak, as security for the recovery of claims against the enemy when the war ended. This had never been done before in the history of "civilized" warfare. Private property in the zone of operations had always been seized, of course. One of Napoleon's most cherished maxims was to the effect that an army should always live on the enemy's country—it saved baggage hauling and relieved the strain on the treasury. But never before had the property of alien individuals within the enemy country been seized as security for their country's debts.

This precedent was established by the World War—and it seems to me that it may help to make war even more unpopular with the people who pay the bills than it has been. Here in the United States, for example, there were 150,000 German and Austro-Hungarian property holders when the war began. Most of them gave discreet cheers for Blood and Iron and other Teutonic tonics. If they had sus-

pected that before the fuss was over their property would drop into the hands of Uncle Sam, to be held until Germany paid certain claims, they might not have been quite so enthusiastic. The same thing holds good for the thousands of Englishmen and Irishmen and Frenchmen and Serbs and Italians over here. As things turned out their property was not seized. But the possibility should make the property owner pause next time he feels like shouldering a banner and letting somebody else handle the gun.

For which reason it seems worth while to discover just how much alien property we still hold in escrow, and what we propose to do about it, and how long we may continue to hold it. Immediately after Congress passed our own Trading with the Enemy Act the office of Alien Property Custodian was created to take charge of the goods seized. In 1921 the Peace Resolution was adopted, and by its terms the Alien Property Custodian was authorized to seize all enemy goods which had not been delivered up to that time. This was to prevent any discrimination in favor of the ex-enemy who had been wise enough to hide his nest while hostilities were actually in progress. Then the United States entered into a treaty

with Germany by the terms of which our retention of this enemy property as a guarantee for the payment of certain charges against the Reich was agreed to.

The United States has never asked reparation damages or territory or profit of any sort in payment of the part we played in the war. But twelve thousand claims were made by American citizens against Germany for sums totalling one billion, seven hundred million dollars. The damages alleged ranged from claims for loss of life and property through the sinking of the *Lusitania* to the disappearance of a school ma'am's lingerie when her trunk failed to get across the border after the outbreak of war. If Germany had won—or if the result had been a draw—the American property held by Germany under the Trading with the Enemy Act would have been regarded as security for the payment of claims by America. But Germany didn't and it wasn't. So Germany must pay.

Germany had a grand idea at first. There were forty million dollars of American gold in German banks when we went to war. The group who were running German affairs thought to repay this in marks at face value, the actual value of marks being precisely that of fire-fanged hay on a desert ranch. The trouble with that idea was that it was too good. It not only was not accepted, for the United States had the veto power, but it convinced a good many people who had been doubters before that Germany did not know how to play fair.

But the United States is playing fair. The Mixed Claims Commission, which is handling the claims and counterclaims made by the two countries on behalf of their nationals, may—perhaps—cut the total of approved American claims down to a quarter of a billion dollars. This is about one-seventh of the sums originally claimed, but the cut is possible, for all that. Claimants against a government always boost their demands on the time-honored and well-sustained theory that the total will be cut anyhow. Then the government does not always pay right on the dot. It still owes for some of the cotton destroyed during the Civil War. Lawyers often work on a contingent fee, too. The more they ask for the more they get. Sometimes.

The Mixed Claims Commission threw out one item of \$345,000,000 the other day. A good many claimants were joined in making up that total, of course. The Commission held that they had no right whatever to ask any part of that sum, and that as a matter of fact they were trying to collect a few private reparations on their own. This may be a long way around in getting at the status of the German property held by Thomas W. Miller, the Alien Property Custodian, but here is the reason



Legionnaire Thomas W. Miller,  
Alien Property Custodian

for it, and it's a very good one, too.

The American claims against Germany, when approved, may run up to a quarter of a billion dollars. Very well. If Germany does not pay that sum, the United States will be in possession of three hundred million dollars

in good, sound, cash-valued property as a guarantee. But it may be that some future Congress may have a rush of generosity to the head and refuse to hold that property in escrow any longer. In this case one of two things would happen—either the American claimant would get nothing at all, or else the American taxpayer would dig a little deeper and pay them through an appropriation made by Congress.

When the 150,000 Germans and Austro-Hungarians in this country lost control of their American property it was divided into fifty thousand separate trusts. The Alien Property Custodian was immediately called on to take charge of all sorts of businesses. There were twenty-three enemy insurance companies, for example. Their relations with their American clients had to be straightened out. It was not possible to countenance the continuance of American relations with the companies. For one thing it was not desirable that the premiums should continue to be paid in to the enemy companies, and for another no loss would be recognized by the enemy. There were shipping companies, one of which did a regular business to Africa. A great woollen mills company had German-owned stock into the millions, for it was worth \$1,500 a share. Real estate was discovered in all but four States and in every one of the insular possessions except Hawaii and the Canal Zone. There were some thousands of enemy-owned patents.

Some of the things that were sold indicate the extraordinary scope of German-owned business in this country. The list includes breweries, a wireless plant, and docks and warehouses in this country, Cuba, and the Virgin Islands. A company was discovered that dealt in German propaganda under cover of a flourishing business in drugs and others that covered the dyestuff market here. There were companies that were engaged in mining, the manufacture of high speed steel, one that made a magneto, others that handled guano and sugar. Shares of stock in commercial exchanges and country clubs were seized and sold. Coins, ivory tusks, bear hair, rare jewels, sheet music, paintings, pearls and Russian isinglass appear on the lists, along with lettuce seeds and pianos.

An inevitable confusion reigned at first. Many an enterprising lawyer saw a chance to boost his income tax. The then Alien Property Custodian was called on to handle with civil service help the immensely complicated structure of a great trust company. No jibe is intended at civil service help in that sentence. It is merely that a clerk who has been civil-serviced into a \$2,000 a year job is not presumed to be equipped for handling responsibilities which outside the government employ would be reward-  
(Cont. on page 18)



The von Zimmerman estate at Pasadena, California, is equipped with thirty-six master bedrooms and eleven baths. Built by a former German baroness, it is now held by the United States Government



# With PRIVILEGE of STOPOVER

XVIII

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

MRS. HORNADAY said nothing at all in answer to Barbara Winston's amazed repetition of her name. It must have taken all her remaining strength to cry out; she fainted, at any rate, even as Barbara recognized her. Bill Patterson and Wayne picked her up; a slight, frail creature. It was no task for them to carry her to the car, where Barbara arranged rugs and made her comfortable.

"Her hands are as cold as ice—but her forehead's hot," said Barbara. "I'm afraid she's sick—"

Wayne was looking at her ankle, in its sheer silk.

"That's a nasty one," he said. "Bad sprain, I'd say. We ought to get her to bed as quickly as possible. How about this town, Laketon?"

"Afraid of it," said Bill, promptly. "An hour probably won't matter much to her now—she'll be warm in the car, and she doesn't know anything, anyway. Chuck—what did we figure out the next town was?"

"West or east?"

"West."

"Freeman. Good hotel there, too. Forty miles."

"Good. Step on her—let her out, this time—"

Chuck uttered his satisfaction in one deep throaty sound, and the next moment the complaints of a cold engine

being turned over sounded as he used the starter. Then they were off—and there are three witnesses who are prepared to swear upon oath as to what Chuck did—which was to make that forty-mile trip in thirty-one minutes. But, as Chuck explained, it was past the middle of the night, and the road was good, and what of it?

Bill and Wayne roused a doctor while Barbara got Mrs. Hornaday into bed; by the time they brought him back to the hotel with them Mrs. Hornaday was conscious. He confirmed the verdict of a sprain, eased her pain, bound up the ankle, ordered rest, dismissed the fever as something natural and not to occasion worry.

"Sleep," he said.

But he was a very wise doctor, indeed, and when he saw the look that came into her eyes, and the way she pushed away the idea of sleep with a gesture of cruelly thin and nervous hands, he nodded. He turned away and busied himself with a box he took from his medicine case.

"I want you to take this, too," he said, approaching with a glass of water. "Just to counteract the effects of exposure—"

Outside he smiled wearily as he turned to Bill and Wayne.

"She'll sleep," he said. "Don't like such stuff, as a rule—but she's got to sleep... On the ragged edge. But she'll be better in the morning. I'll look in about ten—she won't be awake before then."

"Suppose—" Bill hesitated. "Suppose we had to go on soon after that? Would it be possible to take her?"

"I've found that most things are possible," said the doctor, dryly. "It wouldn't be desirable—but—possible? Probably yes. We can tell better when the time comes."

He left them, and they waited outside the door until Barbara came out.

"She's asleep already," she said. "Find some chairs—I'm dead myself. But I've got to know what you've got to tell us, Bill, before I sleep! We can sit right here—I can hear if she calls or moves. I'll sleep with her, of course."

IN one respect Bill, telling his story, was guilty of being disingenuous. He didn't tell Barbara that her father had pushed him from the train; it was bad enough to say, as he couldn't help saying, that Governor Winston, whose release they were joined in trying to effect, had in seeming friendliness gone aboard that train with Hornaday, the man who was responsible for his abduction.

He hesitated, too, about telling what  
(Continued on page 13)

# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## Practical Gratitude

**T**HIS year and nine more," said Lorenz B. Mann, an instructor in the mining department of Kansas Agricultural College, as he laid a fifty-dollar bill on the desk of the adjutant of Wichita Post of The American Legion.

The adjutant promptly put the lighted end of a cigarette in his mouth, the janitor upset the waste basket, the stenographer fainted and somebody rushed to the telephone but forgot the number of police headquarters. The instructor explained:

"It was this post of the Legion that made my application for Kansas adjusted compensation. You made a dozen or so affidavits for me alone. I read where you have made more than four thousand applications under this one law, with affidavits in each case. I was not a Legion man but was given just as good treatment as if I had been. I want to be a member from now on."

Virtue is sometimes more than its own reward.

## Make the One-Army Idea Real

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION, actively committed to the support of an adequate Army and Navy and to the support of the National Defense Act, finds itself unwillingly but actually in strong opposition to the War Department over legislation to retire permanently disabled citizen-officers of the World War.

Secretary Weeks and certain members of the General Staff Advisory Council will not agree to the Legion's proposal that all veterans, whether officers or soldiers, should share alike, grade for grade and man for man, in disability benefits. So far the War Department has been sufficiently powerful to block the enactment in Congress of the Legion's legislation, but the Legion continues the fight, and will not agree to any proposition that the War Department shall have final say in Congress as to what disability benefits shall be accorded disabled veterans from the citizen forces.

The War Department frankly admits that the Regular Army retired list is loaded down with retired officers who for the most part have no war disabilities. They cost the American people seven million dollars in pay in the present army appropriation. The War Department frankly admits that it fears the retired list would become topheavy to the point of being abolished by Congress if it were further increased by the addition of about a thousand citizen-army officers who were permanently disabled in the war.

The Legion's Military Affairs Committee has asked the Department point blank what the one-army idea is all about, anyhow, if the citizen-officer loses his officer status as soon as the enemy has finished his active military career and crippled his capacity or destroyed it in his civil pursuits. The Legion has asked if it would not improve the looks of the army retired list by adding to it the names of the men who were actual war casualties.

There are now pending in Congress identical bills, Senate 33 and H. R. 6484, by Senator Bursum and Representative Lineberger, respectively, to retire the disabled officers for whom the Legion has been fighting for five years. These bills, however, provide that the matter shall be entirely in charge of the Veterans Bureau, and that all the payments

shall be made from that agency, leaving the War Department nothing to do except, possibly, publish the names.

In view of this situation the Legion is pressing the fight to a finish. The Senate is friendly, having passed a similar bill last session by a vote of 50 to 14. A majority in the House is also willing to pass the bill. President Coolidge has told the Legion's representatives he sees no objection to the legislation.

Let's make the one-army idea real.

## A Turkish Bath for the Soul

**W**HAT is the difference between what Kipling called the "jelly-bellied flag-flapper" and a one hundred percent American?

Principally this: The flag-flapper's devotion to patriotism is theoretical and fades whenever his selfish personal concerns clash with his country's interests, while the highest type of American places his country above himself always. The flag-flapper cheers loudest when his neighbors' sons march away in uniform but discovers that his own scion is indispensable on a newly-purchased farm or in an executive position in a factory. The flag-flapper wears a profound respect for the Constitution upon his coat sleeve, but puts on a different coat to consult his bootlegger. The flag-flapper demands law enforcement and punishment of the guilty, but tries to bribe the policeman who catches him driving at fifty miles an hour on the boulevard.

Luckily very few of us are permanent and total flag-flappers, and remorse and conscience generally work to restore temporary flag-flappers to good citizenship. But now and then flag-flapping seems not only endemic but epidemic. The senatorial investigations at Washington have made a lot of folk wonder whether a modern Diogenes with a mazda lantern could find enough charter members to form a society of honest men.

Advertising Men's Post of the Legion in Chicago, more hopeful than a despairing Diogenes, recently decided to find out by a questionnaire just how many of its members could grade up to the post's definition of a one hundred percent American. The questionnaire didn't deal with the big things or the generalities, such as "Do you love your country?" No, indeed.

Basing its questionnaire on the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution, the post asked its members ten questions, each question to count a possible ten percent toward the maximum one hundred percent mark, and here are the questions:

Do you sincerely "uphold and defend" all amendments to the Constitution?

Do you fully obey the Federal Income Tax Law and make a conscientious return?

Do you aid or connive with bootleggers by purchasing illegal booze? (Murder, burglary, robbery, graft—all accompany bootlegging.)

Do you obey the state laws and city ordinances relating to driving and parking cars (a) by not exceeding the state speed laws? (b) by not exceeding city regulations on boulevards? (c) by not trying to fix a cop who has given you an arrest slip?

Are you properly registered for voting and if so, did you vote at every election last year when you were physically able?

Do you give your vote to candidates because of their records, as you know them, or because of purely party beliefs?

Do you accept jury duty willingly and thus aid your courts to perform justice speedily and impartially?

Would you—being without anyone depending upon you for support—again volunteer to serve your country in uniform?

Have you applied for a commission in the Officers Reserve Corps (inactive)?

How or what are you doing "to transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy"?

How many "good citizens" could get 100 on this examination?

*A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer*

# The Things That Count

**A**S it was trouble in Europe that brought us into the service it is well that we keep an eye on how things are going in Europe. Present interest centers in Germany. Conditions there are no longer a matter of guesswork. We need no longer ask can Germany pay or how much can she pay. The Dawes commission of experts has given us an expert answer to these questions.

Its recommendations required 44,000 words, or very nearly forty times the number of words in this page. No prize was offered to anyone who would read it in full. The next question is how many thousand or million words we shall have from Berlin before the recommendations are put in operation.

The report brings Germany into the light. There is no escaping its thoroughness. It shows that The American Legion was sound when it supported the French occupation of the Ruhr. At that time some people who were hearing stories of Germany's starving women and children, were against the Legion's stand.

Whenever an American is told of undernourished mothers and babies his instinct is—and may it always be so—to put his hand in his pocket. Our soldiers who marched into the Rhineland remember the multitudes of German children. And children are children and mothers are mothers wherever they are. We gave to this cause as we have to many others in answer to the call of humanity as humanity.

But meanwhile facts are facts whether at home or abroad. You must keep them in mind in order to be wise in your helpfulness. What has Germany been doing to herself and for herself since the war?

**L**AST winter there were more German than French or British tourists spending money freely in European holiday resorts. This suggests that it may be more pleasant to lose than to win a war. Prosperous German landlords were holding their grain and live stock for higher prices while the poor of German cities were going hungry.

All over the world people were buying German paper marks, which looked so cheap, as a speculation. For this paper which is utterly worthless to-day two billions of dollars in gold, or more than she has paid in damages to the Allies, was poured into Germany. Half of this sum came from Americans who may now consider themselves on the international sucker list. Also, the Dawes report discloses that German capitalists have about two billions of dollars in gold on deposit in foreign banks.

But if an average hard working German had earned marks at the pre-war value of four to a dollar, and put them away for a rainy day, he found, when he came to draw his savings, that a mark might not be worth more than a millionth of a cent. The total of what he had thought would care for him in his old age was not enough to buy a square meal.

Who got the difference? The merry fellows who were having a good time at the summer and winter resorts: the profiteers, nimble wits and bunco steerers who were managing German finance. This was hard on the widows and orphans in whose behalf the profiteers appealed to American philanthropy. It did not encourage further saving. And Germany was doing this to herself, although the profiteers tried to put the blame on France.

Chief of the profiteers was the late Hugo Stinnes, who for his operations had the capital of the fortune he had muleted from the Belgians, under the auspices of the war-lords, during the German occupation of Belgium. Hugo had a "system" which he began in the early days of the mark's fall. Other profiteers followed it.

Suppose you bought a factory for a million marks when marks were an hundred to a dollar. You paid 400,000 marks down and gave a three months note for the remainder. Then

the thing was to talk loud about marks going up to keep the suckers in line, while you made sure that the printing presses were busy making more and more paper marks. When the three months were up you paid the remaining 600,000 marks at one thousand to the dollar. Thus Stinnes and his kind got into possession of more and more factories, mines and property of all sorts.

As for the debts to the Allies, let the Allies collect them if they could in face of the threat of another world war. Stinnes would be the richest man in the world. German war-lords having failed to gain military mastery, German industrial lords would gain economic mastery. With cheap surplus German labor new factories and plants and houses were built and transportation systems immensely improved. This in a land which had suffered no devastation from the war. Meanwhile the surplus labor of France was occupied in rebuilding, largely out of her own pocket, her cities, towns and villages destroyed by German guns.

**T**HAT was not all the Stinnes plan. The depreciation of currency would wipe out all the internal German war debt. If Germany could escape the payment of damages to the Allies she would have France, England and America, who were carrying heavy internal war debts, at a disadvantage in world industrial competition. Then there was the dream of the old war-lord element that when Germany got strong again she would come back at France and carry out the ambition with which she had started the war of "bleeding France white." That is, France would pay the German war debt to France and a new one of her own to Germany, too. And you may be sure the war-lords would keep their troops on French soil until liquidation was complete.

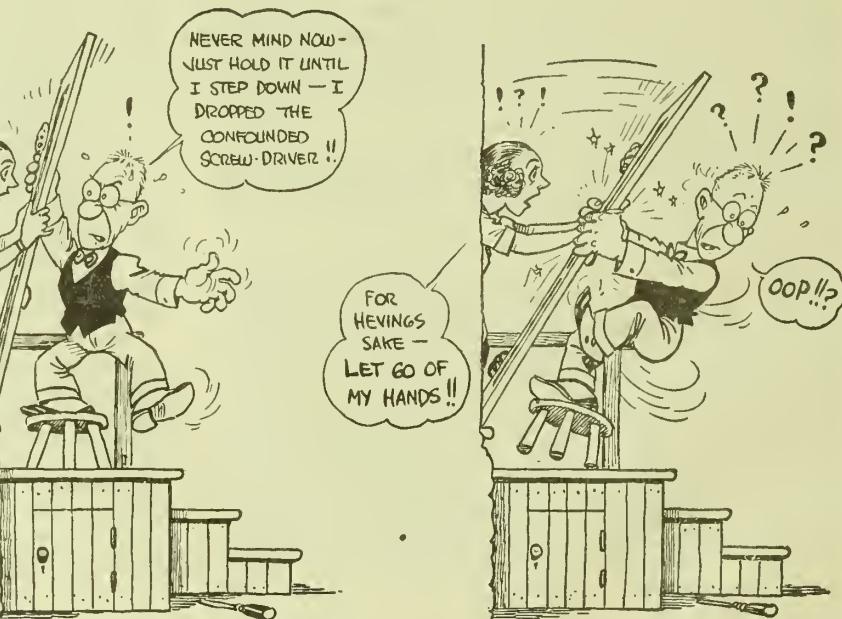
But the plan, like that of the German staff for winning the war in three months, was just a little too clever. It was seen through. France occupied the Ruhr. That gave her a stranglehold on Germany's vital source of war munitions and her vital industrial center. The Ruhr could send out its goods only by paying toll to the French military cordon. As between her own and German widows and orphans France was looking after her own. The franc was falling. She did not want it to go the way of the mark. Her people no more wanted their savings which they had put in banks and in government bonds to become worthless than we want ours to.

**I**T was the French occupation of the Ruhr which gradually awakened King Stinnes and his satellites in and out of office to the fact that they must come to terms some day. France is to keep her army in the Ruhr until she feels safe. She is not to give up her economic control of the Ruhr until Germany proves good faith in adopting the Dawes plan. The plan, as we know, provides for a new bank to stabilize currency, a foreign loan, and using the assets of Germany's railroads and industries to make a first year's payment of \$250,000,000 and future payments on a rising scale. That is, Germany is to pay what she can pay. She is neither to be burdened beyond her powers nor to escape payment altogether. She gets a square deal.

The Allies are united on this plan. The whole world seems to favor it. And it will go through for the good of Germany and the world, if unity continues. Germany could not win out in the war, and she cannot win out in peace, with the world against her. To hold the world's good opinion she must keep faith. She will not keep it by changing from King Stinnes back to a Kaiser of the old brood. So it is just as well that the Berlin crowds stop cheering Crown Prince Willy, who is enjoying life in town while his wife is looking after her children and their estate in Silesia.

## A Screen Tragedy

By Wallgren



# Forty Men Put In Five Hard Days

WASHINGTON, April 21st. **F**ORTY men had been sitting in one small room for three afternoons and the better part of three nights. They would have told you, each one of them, that they were fanatics.

It was a stuffy room. Outside, the balmy air of a Washington spring beckoned. The men were free to come and go, but they stayed.

They were the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion.

They had been indulging in three days and nights of discussion of their pet enthusiasm, the proper care of the war's disabled. At ten o'clock, on that third night, someone made a motion for adjournment. It was seconded, and then they forgot adjournment, and continued the discussion.

It was fifteen minutes before twelve when the meeting finally adjourned.

It was to have been a three-day session, this meeting of the Rehabilitation Committee, on April 8, 9 and 10. Instead of three days it lasted five.

They are fanatics, without doubt, very earnest enthusiasts. It is well for the war's disabled that they are. Everyone in this broad land of ours "wants" the disabled to be properly cared for. "Everything for the disabled, for the able-bodied, nothing." Everyone desires prosperity, condemns crime, and urges "the best of care for the boys who came back maimed or sick." But these forty men are part of a small group that actually does the work, the tiresome, never-ending, discouraging work of seeing to it that the disabled actually are cared for. That is, the work would be discouraging if the small, sincere group were not enthusiasts.

The care of the disabled is at once the simplest and the most complex problem that faces the country. The basic proposition is simplicity itself. These men were disabled in the service of their country. Very well, they must be properly compensated. How compensated? By curing them in hospitals, by paying them money for loss of earning power, by teaching them new ways to make a living.

Now the complexity begins to set in. What sort of places are best adapted to the treatment of the men? Government hospitals for tuberculosis cases, or their own homes? Experts differ. Where shall the hospitals be built, in swamps that some friend of a politician wants to sell to the Government, or on gentle hillsides in clear, calm atmosphere?

Who shall determine how much the men shall get in money? Can doctors best do this, or industrial experts, or both? Shall cases be rated "in the field" or at some central office? When is vocational education a valuable thing, and when is it worthless? When is a

## Legion Rehabilitation Committee Gets Across Some Vital Changes in Regulations for Disabled at Washington Session—Gen. Hines Gives Earnest Co-operation—One Important Step in Decentralization

trainee rehabilitated? How shall the laws be written? Who shall administer them? Who shall say when appropriations are sufficient?

Fine, academic questions these, bristling with controversial possibilities. But very practical and all-important questions for the three hundred thousand odd men who gave generously of themselves for their country and still suffer for it.

So it may be seen that when a man makes the plunge, and really interests himself in the care of the disabled, he rapidly goes from simplicity to complexity, from mild approval of "doing the right thing by the boys" to giving lavishly of his own time and energy, from casual approval to fanaticism.

Such are the men of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. The committee is made up of one chairman and one secretary in each of the fourteen districts of the Veterans Bureau.

Each district has its own committee, too, and each State its service officer. Presumably all Legion men know of this organization. Actually, all of us may not realize how complete and complex it is.

Why this gathering of the clans in Washington—five years after the war, almost six, come to think of it? The disabled must be getting along all right. Surely the Government is spending money enough. Four hundred millions this year. What's all the shootin' for?

Well, here's a man in New York State who had eight epileptic fits a month, brought on by the stress of war. Of course he cannot work. The Government allows him seventy-five dollars a month. The rating sheet says that a man so afflicted is entitled to an amount between seventy-five and total. Then comes a month when the man has only seven fits. Someone thinks he must be getting better, so they cut his compensation.

**A** MAN with a shattered right hand is trained as a chauffeur. But he has not enough strength in his right hand to shift gears. He can work as a chauffeur only provided he is given a truck with a right-hand drive, so he can shift with his left.

Some 125 men, totally blind, are allowed only permanent total disability. Certainly these men, who looked on a French sky one moment in 1918 and never have looked at anything since, are entitled to double disability.

A veteran develops tuberculosis, but the disease does not show itself until three years have elapsed after his discharge from service. Under the present law he cannot obtain compensation. The Legion asks that the "presumptive period" for tuberculosis be increased to five years.

Only men who can trace disabilities to service can now obtain treatment in government hospitals. The Legion wants the privilege of treatment extended to all veterans.

The foregoing are some of the reasons why the National Rehabilitation Committee gathered in Washington.

Changes are necessary in the law covering the care of the disabled. This is how the law grew: It started on a basis of nothing but theory and national good will. It comprises now some hundred printed pages, section after section. It is a law built up through five years of post-war experience. The Legion furnished the experience. It has insisted that the law be liberal. Day after day, month after month, the men in the field, these post service officers, these district liaison men, have noted flaws, have seen the need of changes. The Legion has brought these recommendations to Congress. The law has been changed to meet conditions.

**N**OW, five years after, Congress is revising the law, making it easier to interpret, liberalizing it still further. The Legion's Rehabilitation Committee wrote the bill now in the House, basing its recommendations on resolutions passed by the last national Legion convention. These resolutions are the fruit of five years' experience.

The Rehabilitation Committee met in Washington to advise once more with Congress to urge that the law immediately be changed as the Legion has recommended; changed after a manner that the every-day experience of several hundred interested Legionnaires shows to be necessary.

"This is the most important work of the Legion," said National Commander Quinn, who attended every session during the five days. The Legion agrees with him.

So much for the law covering the care of the disabled. Then there are the regulations.

The Legion obtained the formation of the Veterans Bureau. The Bureau must administer the bulky laws for the disabled that have grown through the five years of post-war experience. The Bureau handles hospitals, compensation, training.

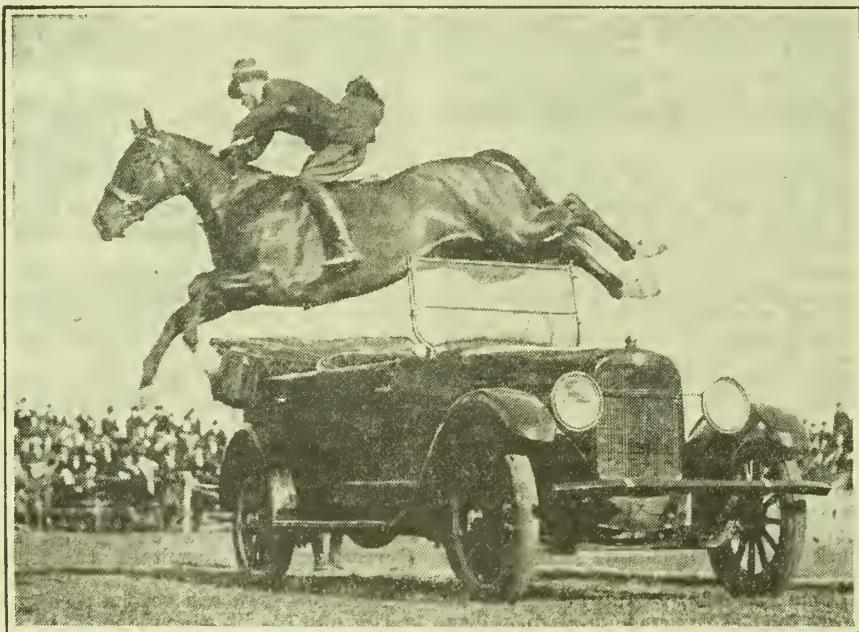
Now, one man can read a section of a law and say it means one thing and another man can read it and say it means another. Perhaps the reading of one man is at utter variance with the meaning that the legislator intended.

Regulation goes farther. It provides ways and means of administration. The law may say that a man with a disability is entitled to compensation. A Veterans Bureau doctor must say how much compensation, and for how long a period. The Legion has no quarrel with

(Continued on page 20)



THEY PUT A HORSE SHOW OVER.—Upper picture shows flower girls who helped Louis L. Battey Post of the Legion make a success of the Augusta, Georgia, horse show. Below: One of the thrills of the show, Tipperary successfully negotiating an automobile



### Three Legionnaires Appointed to National Illiteracy Commission

THE appointment of a National Illiteracy Commission by John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, on which The American Legion is represented by three members, is a victory in the National Americanism Commission's work to stamp out illiteracy.

Charles M. Herlihy, state supervisor of aliens in Massachusetts; H. J. Steele,

superintendent of schools in Minnesota, and Garland W. Powell, National Director of Americanism for the Legion, are the three Legionnaires on the commission of nine.

Heretofore, the menace of illiteracy has been allowed to go almost unrecognized by the Government. From 1900 to 1920 the decrease in the number of illiterates was only 194,434. There are 4,931,905 admitted illiterates in the United States and 15,160,734 who would be rated illiterates by the Army draft tests.

### Washington Post's Prize Essays Help School Improvements

DAVENPORT, WASHINGTON, has an American Legion Post that can see the trees in the forest. Meaning thereby that the Clinton S. Brown Post believes that the national educational problem will take care of itself if the local posts pay attention to educational needs at home.

In seeking about for some way to make National Education Week pay dividends in its own back yard, the post trotted out the idea of a community essay on "What One Hundred Dollars Would Do to Improve My School or Schoolhouse."

The hint came from Carl W. Morgan, superintendent of the Lincoln County schools; and every grade student was invited to submit an essay incorporating what he thought ought to be done. The prizes, first of \$10, second of \$5 and third of \$3 were an inducement, but not half the inducement that the opportunity of expressing an opinion was to the school kids.

### University Memorial Building to Hold Legion War Trophies

THE Department of Georgia has assumed as one of its civic duties the collection of souvenirs and trophies commemorating Georgia's part in the World War. The collection will be preserved for all time in the beautiful War Memorial Hall which is nearing completion on the campus of the University of Georgia at Athens. The building is being erected from funds contributed largely by alumni of the university.

While much of the Legion collection will consist of mementoes of the Thirty-first and Eighty-second divisions to which Georgia men were largely assigned, the war trophies will be drawn from every battlefield and historic spot of the war. The British and French governments are expected to give a number of them.

### Crow Hunt Makes Money for Post in Kansas

EVERY year when the treasury of Harold Johnson Post of Wamego, Kansas, is getting empty the post holds a crow hunt.

These crow hunts follow closely the duck season, and now are the most interesting events of the community. The hunters organize into two teams, elect captains and pay a deposit to the hunt treasurer. The checks of the winning side are refunded after the hunt, and those of the losing side are cashed to pay the cost of the "Big Crow Hunt Supper and Dance." About one hundred men take part.

Now, in the state of Kansas, the law reads that for each dead crow turned in at the office of the county clerk, a bounty of five cents is paid. At times one crow makes the difference in score.

Consider an incident of this keen rivalry. Last fall, when the hunt was over and the spoils were being counted, the Legionnaires going over the crows found that two should not have been counted. One had been dead a long, long time, so long in fact that he had been embalmed. Another object that looked like a crow at first glance was not. It was a sweet potato covered with black feathers to which had been sewed two black wings. In the excitement they had been counted. They counted very well in deciding who paid the cost of the hunt supper, but the Legionnaires found they weren't worth a nickel when presented at the county clerk's office.

## Poppies Going on Sale to Aid Legion Child Welfare Program

THE Emblem Division of the Legion's National Headquarters at Indianapolis is beginning its spring drive to sell poppies to Legion posts. Pamphlets are being prepared for distribution to every post in the country, urging each to name a "Poppy Day" for street sales, preferably in the week before Memorial Day, and telling ways and means for holding such sales. The emblem division is selling these poppies at actual net cost, with no allowance for overhead, advertising or even the distribution of the pamphlets. This cost is two and a half cents each—\$2.50 a hundred.

The poppies now on sale are all of silk and were made by French disabled veterans. To each is attached a little sticker bearing the name and emblem of The American Legion, to avoid counterfeiting.

As a result of action by the Fifth National Convention in San Francisco, the proceeds of poppy sales must go to relief work. Since the convention the National Executive Committee has voted in favor of using the proceeds insofar as possible to aid the Legion's child welfare program. George A. Withers of Clay Center, Kansas, chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee, is taking an active interest in the sale of poppies and advocates that not only should contributions be made nationally to the program but locally.

National contributions, it is expected, will be made directly to his committee, in care of National Headquarters at Indianapolis. It is urged that at least ten percent of the gross receipts from each poppy drive be turned over to the national child welfare program. By action of the National Convention it is stipulated that none of these contributions can be used for any administrative purpose. The cost of administration has to be borne by the national organization.

Post officials soon will receive a small handbook detailing the program of the Legion for the sale of poppies and urging each post to organize immediately for a Poppy Day. The pamphlet urges that posts and Auxiliary units work jointly in selling poppies.

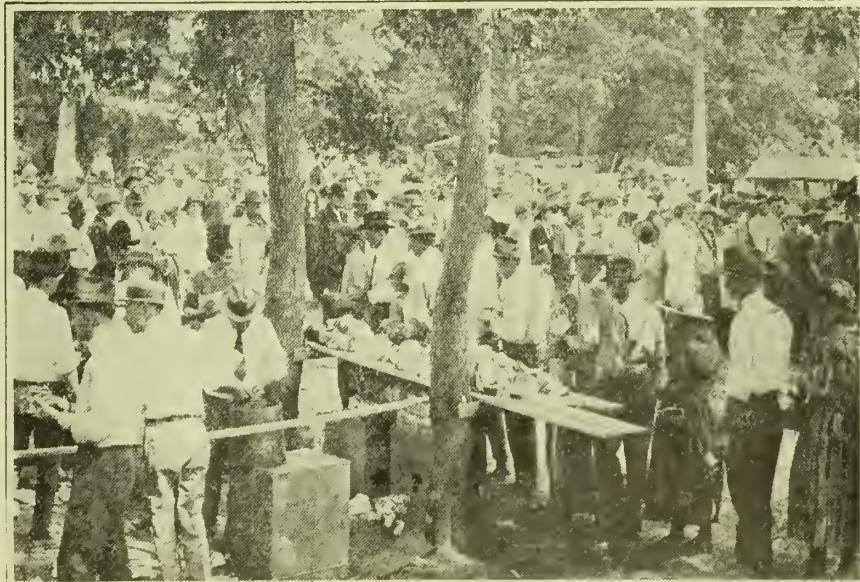
## Illinois Legion Teaches Flag Etiquette to All Citizens

THE Department of Illinois of the Legion has undertaken the task of teaching every citizen of the State of Illinois proper respect for the flag. It is distributing a half million pamphlets entitled "The Flag," containing the official flag rules adopted at the Flag Conference called by the Legion in June, 1923, illustrations of how to display and respect the flag, the preamble of the Legion constitution, the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" and statements of Department Commander J. J. Bullington and Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Department President of the Auxiliary.

Distribution to the school children is being made direct through school superintendents and high school principals. Letters to these school officials contained a copy of the pamphlet, which was printed by the Department with the use of mats furnished by the Weekly, and requisitions for sufficient copies for each school were solicited. The Legion is standing the entire expense. Following this idea, other institutions, such as the State Bankers' Association and numerous fraternal organizations, are being asked to distribute pamphlets to those not reached through the schools.



THEY CLEANED UP A CEMETERY.—Pleasant Valley, New York, Post of the Legion tackled a tough job when it started clearing up the old Methodist cemetery on the road between Pleasant Valley and Washington Hollow. The gravestones had been allowed to topple over and the underbrush had assumed in some places the dimensions of a young forest



NO CAN OPENERS NEEDED.—Frank Freid Post of Mena, Arkansas, served chow at this barbecue for Tolleson Post of Waldron, Arkansas, victor in a membership contest held by the two posts. The barbecue was held midway between the two county seat towns, homes of the posts

# Farley Says It With Chickens

"UNFIT to rehabilitate" was the way the Government tagged Thomas C. Farley two years ago when he took part in a strike of trainees at the New York State Institute of Applied Agriculture at Farmingdale, Long Island. Today Farley, before the war an office worker who didn't know an incubator from a tractor, bids fair to become a successful poultry breeder, for he owns one farm and has a lease on another.

But the fight isn't over, by any means. A short time ago an order from the Veterans Bureau declared him fully rehabilitated and gave notice that in two weeks' time the Government was going to wash its hands of him so far as further aid was concerned. It was like the traditional bolt from the blue, for Farley, relying on the promises made him by government officials, figured that he was going to get assistance until some time in 1925. With the help of the Legion, he succeeded in getting the order modified so that he has four months in which to prepare for going it on his own. All his money is tied up tight in the two farms and it is going to be a tough battle to get by without more capital.

The promise of government training to continue as late as the spring of 1925 was made to Farley, he says, in the winter of 1922-'23, when he became a student at Rutgers College following the flare-up at Farmingdale. He stayed three months at Rutgers, specializing in poultry raising, and then with the consent of the Veterans Bureau took up a one-year lease of a 72-acre farm



This is the mint in which Thomas Farley turns out potential dollars from incubators. Two years ago someone labeled Farley "unfit to rehabilitate," but today he is hatching several thousand eggs and by Autumn he hopes to have 1,000 laying pullets

at Three Bridges, New Jersey. The Government gave him \$300 worth of equipment.

Farley's left leg is still stiff from several operations to remove shrapnel which it acquired during an advance with his comrades of Company A, 306th Infantry, 77th Division, in the Oise-Aisne offensive. But he manages to get around all right.

It was after he had got a fairly successful start with his New Jersey venture that officials of the Veterans Bureau at Newark informed him he must buy a farm instead of leasing one. To save his venture he made a deposit of \$500 on a two-acre farm at Farmingdale, Long Island. The Government agreed to build him a five-room house and Farley agreed to build the necessary poultry buildings.

At the suggestion of an official Farley sold 230 of his pullets at his New Jersey farm rather than transport them to Long Island.

Shortly afterwards he was given the

two weeks' notice that he was rehabilitated and his project training ended. This left him in a bad fix. He had two farms on his hands. His \$500 was tied up and the home which the Government was supposed to build had not been built.

"With 1,900 hatching eggs ordered and 950 in my incubators now, and with most of my ready cash tied up in the Farmingdale deal, to throw me out of training would mean I couldn't continue in this venture," Farley says, "all my time and the Government's time and all the money involved would be a dead loss and

wasted, as I couldn't go it alone.

"I went to the Legion's liaison representative in the district office of the Veterans Bureau in New York City, and laid all the facts before him, and he laid them before bureau officials, and now a four months' extension is promised me. This falls short of the time promised me, although it is much better than the two weeks' notice.

"This fall or winter, with an average break, I will be on the road to independence. I am going to incubate 2,850 eggs and hope to have 1,000 laying pullets in the fall, and that means I won't need help any more. I am buying back all the pullets I can so I'll have the number I had before.

"Due to the fact that a two-and-a-half year poultry course was outlined and promised me I laid my plans accordingly, and when the news of rehabilitation came I was badly upset. I don't know the outcome of my \$500. I am still carrying on at Three Bridges, thanks to the Legion."

## DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

THE VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN LEGION gets results for the disabled and their dependents by having a paid representative at the Veterans Bureau in Washington. Through a close liaison between post service officers and the department service officer, the Washington representative gives personal attention to every request for aid, and, what is more, he follows up every case until it is disposed of.

To increase its value to the community, BIRD-MCGINNIS POST OF MARION, OHIO, has been voted a membership in the Marion Chamber of Commerce. The post will actively participate in all movements for civic betterment.

Mrs. J. J. Griffin, president of the AUXILIARY UNIT TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE POLICE

POST OF NEW YORK CITY and past chairman of the New York County Organization of The American Legion Auxiliary, has through her personal efforts obtained over \$33,000 compensation for disabled men. During the past three years she has made over six hundred visits to disabled men in hospitals and to relatives of these men.

VAUGHN-MOORE POST OF RATON, NEW MEXICO, received public commendation and special notices in the local newspaper because of an effective window display reminding the citizens of the sacrifices made by disabled men during the war.

LAMAR Y. MCLEOD POST OF MOBILE, ALABAMA, is receiving practical assistance from the *Register and News-Item* in its work to secure employment for all unemployed ex-service men. The newspaper is carrying

"Situations Wanted" ads without cost. An American Legion membership card or a service discharge certificate is all the identification required for this free service.

One of the rooms in the new AMERICAN LEGION CLUBHOUSE in CINCINNATI, OHIO, was completely furnished by JANE A. DELANO (NURSES) POST in memory of Ella Maescher, the first Cincinnati nurse to die in service overseas.

Every member of LINDLEY DEGARNE POST OF COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA, has joined the Coconut Grove Community Club, an organization to foster community spirit.

An indoor athletic meet, including wrestling and boxing bouts, was given by LA PORTE (INDIANA) POST for the entertainment of the business men of the city.

# With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 5)

Kent had told him of the meeting between the Governor and Mrs. Hornaday. But that, he decided, he had to tell. And he noticed, as he spoke—he was looking at Wayne just then simply because he didn't want to look at Barbara—the queer little flash, not surprised at all, but quite involuntary, none the less—in Wayne's eyes.

"Just a minute!" Barbara's voice cut in crisply across the nervous flow of his words. "I want to get this straight. Did this man mean to say that my

"He's seen nothing of her lately, though!" she said, abruptly. "I do know that! Oh—there can't be—your man must have been crazy, Bill! She was faint, or something—"

"He said that," said Bill.

"And—look here, Bab—" Wayne broke in now. "You know—you've been away a lot. It's just possible you don't know everything about your father—"

"I do so!" she cried. And then she stopped and laughed with a queer little catch in her laughter. "I would say

—and wait until you hear from me. Don't try to reach me—I may be pretty hard to find—may have to be. I think we're going to see daylight pretty soon."

THAT struck Bill as an unwarranted, optimistic view of the situation. It looked worse to him now than it had at any time since he and Winston had been thrown off the train, one after the other. Worse from the only

point of view that interested him, that is—the preservation of Winston's reputation, the perpetuation of his high political ambitions. He didn't think, he never had thought, that Winston was in any danger of bodily harm. But his career wasn't, Bill felt, simply endangered; it was already, in effect, ruined. Winston still loomed as a great figure; as the man certain of election to the Senate; as a possible Presidential nominee. But he was about as secure, Bill felt, as a rock that has been drilled for a blast when the fuse has already been lighted and the flame is creeping closer and closer to the charge.

It wasn't a cheerful countenance that Bill took down to breakfast with him. Wayne was just finishing one of his vast meals; the boy ate, Bill reflected, on the heroic scale.

"Nothing stirring when I came down—I guess Bab's still asleep," said Wayne. "I say—there really has been some talk, you know. About the Governor and Mrs. Hornaday—Marion Carr, she was. She's a distant cousin of mine—that's one way I happen to know."

"How much talk? And what sort?" Bill asked.

"Oh, well—not bad talk—considering. I mean—everyone's sorry for her. Hornaday's such a notorious sort of beast—he's never cared what anyone said about him—never tried to cover his tracks, either. The family nearly went mad when Marion married him—but you know how women are!"

"You think there's something in the story?"

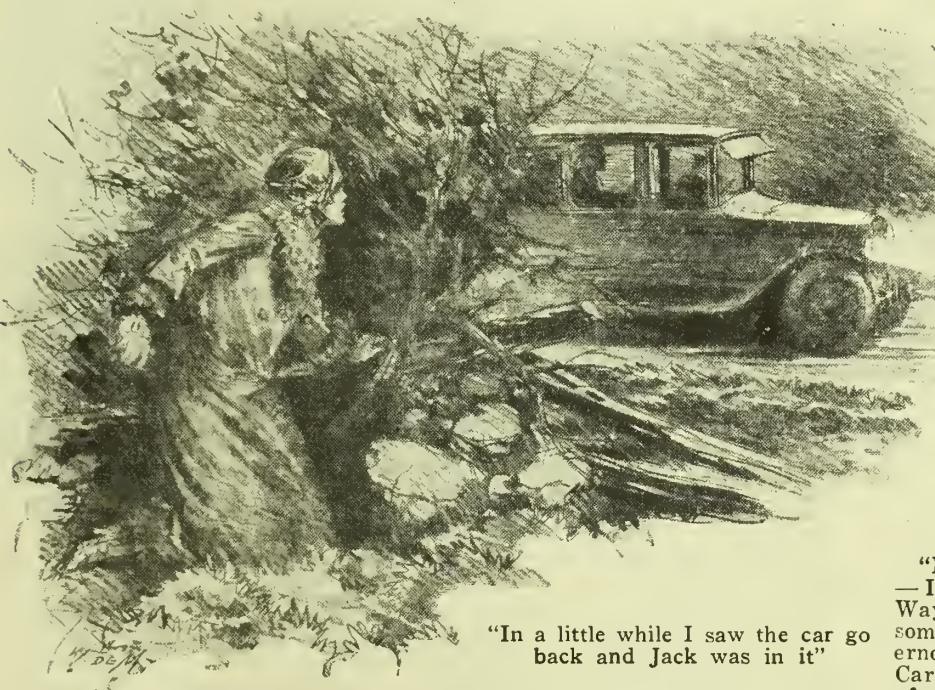
"I—darn it, I don't know! Don't know a thing about it, really. I—"

"Hell—I'm not interested in gossip!" said Bill. "I hate this kind of dirt as much as you do. But, Lord, man—we've got to follow every lead we find. And you can see how this would explain things, can't you? If Hornaday's such a brute—and I guess he is, all right, he wouldn't hesitate to blackmail Winston—"

"I—oh, sure—that's right!" said Wayne. "He's skunk enough—even when his own wife was involved! They don't live together, of course—Kent told you that, didn't he?"

"No. He said they didn't get along. But I didn't know there had been an open break."

"Oh, sure. She couldn't have stuck it out. She held on for quite a while—



"In a little while I saw the car go back and Jack was in it"

father was—making love to Mrs. Hornaday?"

"No," said Bill, instantly. "In fact—he was quite emphatic about it's not being like that at all. And still—he did have the idea that—well, that there was something between them. That's the way he put it. I'm only trying to tell you just what he said—"

"Yes—I see—" Barbara sat, her brows knitted. "It's strange," she said. "I—I scarcely know Mrs. Hornaday. She used to be lovely—I remember her when she was the rage—when everyone was wild about her—before she was married. Jerry—you do, too, don't you? I was still in short skirts—but—"

Her voice died away.

"I'm trying to remember," she said. "I mean—about her and father. Whether he was—oh, interested in her! I—you know, I've often wondered if he wouldn't marry again. I should think—as soon as I was old enough myself to realize that he wasn't an old man just because he happened to be my father I began thinking about that. I—I guess I was jealous, too. I thought I'd hate any woman he married—"

They were all silent for a moment when she stopped.

that, wouldn't I!" she said. "What a mule I am! When—when—every minute keeps bringing out things I didn't know at all!"

"Well, one thing's sure," said Bill. "We're not going to find out anything more tonight—even if we sit up all the rest of it! Maybe Mrs. Hornaday'll have something to tell us in the morning. Meanwhile—we all need some sleep."

"Sleep!" said Barbara. "Go ahead—if you can; I dare you to!"

## XIX

BILL had slept a little when he rose. He hadn't gone to bed at once; after he had said good night to Barbara and Wayne he went downstairs and spent an hour trying to get Galloway by long distance, and when he succeeded, told him all he knew. If he hoped that Galloway would shed any light on the business of Mrs. Hornaday he was disappointed; the man who was so plainly more in Winston's confidence than even his own daughter, let that part of Bill's story pass without any comment at all.

"All right," he said, when Bill had finished. "Get back as soon as you can

longer than anyone thought she would. But she's been home for a year, anyway."

"How did Hornaday take that?"

"Oh, the way you'd expect! The minute she left him he was after her—after neglecting her and doing as he pleased! I really don't know an awful lot about it—but you hear things. I believe there was an awful row once—and he was practically chucked out. You know how it is, though—there's a sort of buzz of talk—you know it's going on—but you don't really hear much."

Bill frowned.

"But about Winston," he said. "The talk is that he's been seeing a lot of her?"

"NOT exactly—no," said Wayne. "He hasn't made her conspicuous—they haven't gone around together. Nothing like that. It's just—I guess he did pay a lot of attention to her before she got married, and people have sort of put two and two together and made eight instead of four—see what I mean?"

"It's the sort of sum you can add up about any way you like, I guess," said Bill. "About the only result I get, though, that I'm at all sure of is about Hornaday. He ought to be put out, if you ask me. And won't be—that's the trouble."

"His sort never is," said Wayne. "He's got pluck enough!"

He laughed at the expression on Bill's face.

"I know what you're thinking!" he said. "He did curl up for us, rather. But he didn't know we wouldn't use those guns, you know! And it took nerve to go through that window the way he did—"

"Ye-es—that wasn't bad," Bill admitted. "And still—hang it, Jerry, I never knew a man yet who sized up the way Hornaday does who wasn't yellow when you came right down to cases. He can go a long way on his size, you know. I mean—his bluff wouldn't be called very often."

"Well, I don't know," said Wayne. "He did a thundering good job in the war—worked under the regional railway director—they gave him a commission early in the show and then kicked him back out here after he'd actually been in France a week. He was sore about that—"

"Well, that part of it doesn't matter either way," said Bill. "He's a crook, anyway, and we haven't got much time to beat him in. Hello—here's Barbara now—"

As they stood to await her Bill admired her more than he had yet done. She was pretty—he had to admit it. She didn't meet any of his carefully drawn specifications—but he was inclined to think he had never known a better-looking girl.

"Breakfast?" said Wayne.

"Coffee—nothing else but!" she answered. "Lots and lots and lots of it. Later—I may consider a roll. I doubt it, though. I look all right, don't I?"

"Swell!" said Wayne. "Stunning!" said Bill. She beamed. "Sleep well?" Bill asked.

"We-ell—it's a quarter past nine," she said. "And I've been up since twenty past eight. And I was still awake at half past seven. Work it out yourself."

"You look as if you'd slept the clock around!" said Wayne.

"Nature's out," said Barbara, cheer-

fully. "Behold the triumph of art! Of course I look nice. I ought to! I worked hard enough! And it isn't every girl, let me tell you, who'd take an ice cold shower just for the sake of her gentlemen friends! To say nothing of a few other trifling things like—oh, well, I won't go into details! The paint doesn't show—much—does it?"

Her mood was transformed as she began her coffee.

"You haven't any news?" she said. "No—you couldn't, of course, very well. Mrs. Hornaday's just beginning to wake up—I left the maid to look after her. She's still doped—it'll take her some time to get really intelligent again. I suppose she'll tell us something when she does—"

"She can—I don't know whether she will," said Bill. "Look here—Jerry thinks—" He stammered a little; he didn't find it easy to say what he wanted. "I mean—he thinks there really may be—"

"I do, Bab," said Wayne. "There's been a lot of talk, anyway. I guess she and Mr. Winston know one another better than you realized."

"I know—" Barbara nodded her head in her abrupt, decisive way. "She—Mrs. Hornaday—talked in her sleep quite a lot. That's one reason I stayed awake. She must have had a ghastly time. And—" She hesitated a moment, then went on: "She's in love with Dad all right. Heaven knows I don't blame her! He's a darling—and after that beast of a husband of hers!"

Bill nodded.

"None of us are going to blame anyone for anything, I guess," he said. "We don't know enough, for one reason—and—what's the use, anyway? But if Hornaday was holding this over your father as a threat—"

Barbara started back.

"Oh!" she said. "He—oh—he couldn't! Even he! He couldn't be as low as that!"

The eyes of the two men met.

"Afraid he could, Bab," said Wayne. "You see—well, anyway, it's the only sane explanation there is of the whole business. Hornaday's got—well, there's no use blinking it—he's got something on your father. And what else could it be? Mind you, I—"

He stopped.

"Go on," said Barbara.

"WELL—I mean—I don't believe for a minute he's really got anything anyone ought to care about—but you know how politics are. You can kill a man with anything that even sounds like a scandal quicker than you can any other way—"

"I know!" said Barbara. "It's awful—but I suppose it must be so. What shall we do? Is there anything we can do?"

"Not much—unless we can find out something from Mrs. Hornaday. She must have had some mighty urgent reason for seeing your father. She must have told him something that drove him crazy. It was after that he telephoned. We've got to make her talk."

Barbara turned to Bill, the last speaker.

"All right," she said. "I'll go back to her now and see how she is. And I'll try to get her to let me bring you both in. We'd better wait until the doctor's been, though. He ought to see

her and make sure she's all right before we excite her, don't you think? It's really wonderful that she hasn't caught pneumonia, it seems to me—I hate to think of how long she must have been out there!"

Bill and Wayne went out to get some air while they were waiting, and as they walked up and down before the hotel Chuck came up to them.

"You know that guy I told you about—the one was around while the lad I thought was the boss was there?" he said to Bill.

"Garvin? Yes. What about him?"

"He's spotted us here—that's all. I was out early this mornin', see—and he come up from the depot. Recognized the car, I guess."

Bill and Wayne exchanged glances. Hornaday's intelligence work was first rate, certainly.

"Where is he now?" asked Wayne.

"That's just what's got me worried," said Chuck. "He come in the hotel here, and I seen him lookin' at the register—see? And then he just sorta dropped out. I ain't seen him since. About half an hour ago, that was."

"Saw us through the dining-room door probably," Wayne said.

"KEEP after him, Chuck," Bill said. "We don't want him footloose around us—that's sure."

"There's the doctor," said Wayne. "Guess there'll be some action pretty soon now."

"You're rather helpful in this show, Wayne," Bill said. "It occurs to me that it's sort of providential having you here. Mrs. Hornaday may be a whole lot more ready to talk with you around."

"I don't know her awfully well, though, even if she is my cousin," said Wayne. "Still—it might make a difference."

They didn't have very long to wait. The doctor didn't stay upstairs ten minutes; when he came down he was smiling.

"All right," he said. "I mean—physically. Nervously—I'd not like to say. But it may be that her nervous condition saved her from the effects of the exposure. There's no sign of trouble. Some exhaustion—which is natural. Miss Winston said you were to go up."

Marion Hornaday, when Barbara let them in, lay in bed. She looked tired, but it seemed to Bill astonishingly pretty—and he had had no impression of good looks at all the night before. But she wore some Japanese garment, and her hair was braided, and Barbara had obviously played maid to good purpose. She smiled at Wayne, and held out a thin, white hand.

"Hello, Jerry!" she said.

"Hello, yourself," said Wayne. "What in time have you been up to, Marion? Oh, you don't know Bill Patterson, do you?"

"She knows all about him, though," said Barbara. "At least—she knows all I know. I've told her as much of the story as we know ourselves. And she thinks maybe she knows some things we haven't heard yet."

"I do, of course," said Marion Hornaday. "I can see I've got to tell you."

She was silent for a moment, leaning back against the pillows. And in her eyes was the look of one who is thinking of far-off things. Then she looked at Barbara.

# Speed up Success!



## What is the man in the picture doing?

Watching others go by him, just like thousands of other men who let the procession of live ones pass them by.

Perhaps he is wondering why these other men of no greater physical strength or mental ability can own automobiles and ride towards success while he plods along, year after year, not only not making progress, but actually falling behind.

Each of the men whom this by-stander typifies is very like a dormant gasoline engine.

A little cranking of INITIATIVE and a spark of AMBITION would wake him into ACTION, and convert potential power into a reality.

How much you accomplish in the few years when your physical and mental powers can function at highest efficiency depends very largely on the means you employ to SAVE TIME.

If you can move your person twice as fast and apply your personality in twice as many places as some other chap, your chances for success are twice as good as his.

That is where the Chevrolet comes in.

It is more than a time saver; it is a personality multiplier, a time doubler.

If you are one man on your feet you become as two men in a Chevrolet.

Speed up Success! Get there! Keep up with the procession! Enter the great race against Time!

You can do it. There is no intelligent worker so poor he cannot arrange to buy a Chevrolet. There is none so well-off to feel above the grade of this quality car.

Call on the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Find out how easy it is to buy it and how low its operating cost.

## Chevrolet Motor Company

Division of General Motors Corporation  
Detroit, Michigan

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

for Economical Transportation



**Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.**  
 Superior Roadster . . . \$490  
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"I hated you frightfully once, Barbara," she said. Barbara started a little. But it wasn't the words that startled her; it was the tone in which they were uttered. For that, contradictorily, was one of affection.

"You see—if it hadn't been for you, your father and I would have been married."

Barbara cried out; the two men were silent.

"We were—well, I suppose you could say we were engaged. And then—your father just couldn't hurt you. And he thought it would kill you if he and I were married."

Barbara forced her eyes to meet the older woman's.

"I—I know," she said. "I can see what an awful little beast I was, too! I didn't know it was you—but I know just about when it was. I knew there was someone. And I—I just couldn't bear it. If you knew how I'd hated myself, since—how often I'd tried to talk to Dad—"

"I—well, I don't know," said Marion Hornaday. "I had a bad time. But—I couldn't have loved Jack the way I ought to have loved him." Her voice grew in volume suddenly; it rang out proudly. "The way I love him now!" she cried. "He wanted me to wait. He wanted you to have time to get used to things—he said you'd be all right if you just had time. And I—I just got furious. I suppose—if it hadn't been that it would have been something else!"

"You think you know so much when you're young," she said. Her voice was quieter now; she turned to smile at Barbara. "Don't you, Barbara? And—oh, you don't know anything! I've had—well, I've had a pretty bad time, but I deserved it. I married Jim Hornaday—and I got exactly what I deserved. But—the thing that kills me is that I've mixed Jack Winston up with my silly, useless life!"

She stopped. No one asked any questions, though; it was so plain that she must be allowed to tell what she pleased in the way that suited her.

"We didn't see one another for a long time after I was married, of course," she went on finally. "Except casually—we couldn't help meeting sometimes. I'm not going to talk about things—about myself, I mean. It's no use. I suppose you all know a good deal. But what you don't know is worse than what you do know. And the worst thing of all I think no one quite knows—and that is that Jim Hornaday really isn't quite sane. I don't mean that he's the sort of lunatic they put in asylums—it would be better if he were.

"He can't help some of the things he does. There's a queer, cruel streak in him—it makes him do absolutely ridiculous things. And I think he's sorry sometimes, even while he's doing them—I know he is afterward. And, of course, he's frightfully clever—it terrifies me to think of how clever he is. If I'd understood that from the first that he really wasn't responsible I'd have been clever, too—cleverer than I was, at any rate. But I didn't."

"I wasn't happy, of course, and it wasn't long before everyone knew that—Jack, too. I tried as long as I could to pretend I was—I was proud, for one thing and for another, I didn't want Jack to be miserable about me. But I couldn't keep it up. You know that, Jerry. But I wouldn't see Jack—even

when he tried to see me. I knew there wasn't anything we could do.

"But last summer—you were away, then, Barbara, you'd gone to Europe—I did see him. It wasn't planned at all—it just happened. And I had to tell him how things were. I—I couldn't lie to him, you see. I tried to—and just couldn't. So he knew that I still loved him. Oh, I say still—but I'd never really loved him before. But—I was perfectly hopeless. There wasn't any hope for us. I knew what lay before him, and I wasn't going to have him risk his career for me.

"But Jim—my husband—found out that I'd seen him. And he threatened me. I—I can't tell you about that. I was too horrible—too degrading. He must have been having me watched—I'd never dreamed of anything so cheap and terrible as that, you see. He—after I left him, you see, he was possessed to make me come back. He couldn't bear the idea that anything he'd ever owned could escape from him. I could tell you frightful things—about dogs he's had and the way he treated them, and the way he'd pursue them when they ran away. It's like horrible things you read about the old slave days.

"I didn't know what to do! I had to see Jack again—I wasn't going to, we'd agreed about that. I'd really just seen him once, you see! But I was trapped—I had to tell him—I couldn't let him be in that danger without knowing about it. And then there was this plot of my husband's. But Jack wasn't afraid. He wanted—I think he just wanted to give up everything, and take me away from everything that was unhappy. But he couldn't have done that even if I could have let him do it. He couldn't have done it—for your sake, Barbara, and for his own. I don't believe he cared as much about his career at first as you did, but later when he saw what he might be able to do he did, of course.

"I don't know just what happened. Jim told me that if Jack did as he wanted everything would be all right—that he didn't want to ruin him at all because he could be too useful to him. And I know he believed that Jack was going to do as he wanted. I didn't see Jack again, except the one time before he went east. I didn't know about the plan to take him from the train—I knew there was something, but not what it was.

"And I nearly went mad while I waited to hear about things. Then Jim came and told me that he was going to be enormously rich—much richer than anyone I'd ever dreamed of—that Jack was in his power, and there was going to be a bill signed that would give him control of logging railways everywhere in the State—that it was fixed so that anyone who wanted to open up any timber land would have to deal with him."

Both Bill and Jerry Wayne cried out sharply at that.

"He told you that?" said Bill. She nodded. "Good Lord! We knew there was something like that—that there was some joker in a bill that was awaiting the Governor's signature after the legislature had adjourned! But a thing like that!"

"He told me more than that, too," she said. "He said he had Jack absolutely in his power—that Jack thought he could beat him, even if this bill went through, but that he really couldn't. And he told me that he'd hired Jack's

brother to take his place—so that no one would ever believe Jack hadn't signed the bill himself. And I knew, when I heard that that Jack couldn't know it. He—I knew, you see, that he must have pretended to give in to Jim for my sake, but that he'd believed he had a way out. And I found out where he was—I knew about this place Jim had bought. It was a war hospital—a place where they kept mental cases during the war. So I went there yesterday and told Jack. And he was nearly crazy. He left me and went back to the house, and I started to walk back to Laketon—I hadn't wanted to take a car. And then I saw a car coming, and I was afraid it might be Jim's, and I tried to hide, and hurt my ankle. And in a little while I saw the car go back, and Jack was in it."

Bill and Jerry looked at one another.

"There's a lot we don't know yet," said Bill. "But—I think I can relieve your mind a little, Mrs. Hornaday. We found out about Winston's brother and spoiled that plan—oh, days ago! But, of course, we hadn't been able to let the Governor know about that. And I knew, even before we found you, that you'd seen Winston yesterday, and told him something that upset him greatly—though I didn't know what it was. So far it all fits in. What we don't know is what happened when your husband came to Laketon—why Winston went with him voluntarily. Because—I saw him as the train started, and he wasn't under restraint at all. He needn't have gone, unless he had been willing."

"That's the most mysterious thing, really, that's happened yet, Marion," said Wayne. "You can't explain that, can you? There's nothing you know that would account for that?"

"No," she said. She was frowning, and trying to concentrate. "I'm thinking—but, no—there's nothing. And—where do you suppose they can have gone?"

"I've been hoping for some word from Galloway about that," said Bill. "Barbara's told you about him, of course? I telephoned to him last night after we got you here. Of course—I set him on a cold trail. But even so he ought to have some chance to trace that car—to find out, anyway, where they left it. Because, of course, with what we know now, our problem comes down to getting Winston away—freeing him to go back to his desk and veto that bill."

"I think that's the only thing that counts now—even if Mr. Hornaday can ruin his political career," said Barbara. "That—that seems frightfully unimportant now, doesn't it?"

"I'm afraid it always did—to me," said Marion Hornaday. "But it seems terribly important that no one should ever be able to accuse him of anything dishonorable."

"Of course," said Barbara. "And—that he should be happy. I—I can't tell you how I feel! He's sacrificed everything for me!"

"It wasn't your fault," said Bill. "You didn't ask him to. You didn't know about anything. I won't have you blaming yourself for things that way!"

And then he realized how absurd that sounded, and that, anyway, he had no responsibility of that sort for Barbara. So to cover his embarrassment he

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plunged in a little deeper, after a practically universal custom.

"This sacrifice stuff is the bunk, nine times out of ten, anyway," he insisted. "Look at this case, for instance! What did it get anyone?"

"You're nice, Bill," said Barbara, strangely soothed. "But you aren't very bright, are you? The thing we've got to work on is what to do next—not what ought to have been done and wasn't."

"I don't see what we can do until we hear from Galloway," said Jerry. "You've got a lot of confidence in him, haven't you, Bill?"

"Yes. He's all right. And I suspect he has ways of finding things out—he seems to be one of those mysterious politicians who has a lot of power largely because he isn't trying to get anything for himself."

"I have an idea," said Marion Hornaday. "If Jim has simply carried Jack away to keep us from finding him I think I know where he's taken him. But, of course, he may have had some different reason—"

"I don't believe so," said Bill. "You see—he probably found out he'd telephoned—that would be reason enough for taking him from Laketon. Because—you must remember that Hornaday knew his play with Martin Winston had gone wrong, even if the Governor didn't."

"Well, then," said she, "I know where I'd look. Jim has a place about twenty miles from the capital that I think

scarcely anyone knows about. There was some logging there once, but it was stopped for some reason. And Jim had the old logging road fixed so that an automobile could go over it, and built a camp—there's a lake, you see, and it's a good place to fish and swim. He took me there—a long time ago. It might be worth finding out—if you don't hear anything from Galloway."

Just then there was a knock at the door. And when Wayne answered a boy told him that there was a long distance call for Mr. Patterson. Bill sprang to the telephone beside the bed; two minutes later he was talking to Galloway. When he hung up the receiver he turned to the others.

"Hornaday's private car is in the yard," he said. "It's been there since early last evening. All Galloway's been able to find out is that the train was stopped outside the city, and several men left Hornaday's car and got into a couple of cars that were waiting for them and drove north."

"Then—I guess we play Marion's hunch," said Wayne. "How about you, Marion? Are you up to starting out?"

"I'd go mad if I stayed here another hour!" she said. "I'm perfectly all right, except for this ankle—and I don't believe that's as bad as I was afraid it would be."

"Clear out, you two—get the car ready," said Barbara. "I think we're on the home stretch!"

(To be continued)

## Uncle Sam, Big-Time Trustee

(Continued from page 4)

ed by fifteen thousand dollars annually and more. The status of each case was passed on and many supposed enemies proved not to be enemies at all. There was more or less hysteria around in those days. Anyone who smoked a china pipe was a suspect.

Now the decks have been cleared and the holding of the ex-enemy property has been reduced to a business basis. The original fifty thousand trusts have been reduced to a few more than twenty-eight thousand, which are valued today at \$347,000,000. Many trusts have been dropped altogether because they were worthless. There were hundreds of companies which existed in name only. Then the American Government has always had an instinct for fair play. It did not seem quite generous to hold the tiny properties of poverty-stricken individuals. For all that we say about ourselves, we are rather businesslike in government at times, too. It cost money to administer these little forkfuls of estates. There are twenty-odd thousand trusts which average only \$754 each. Any trust company would make the inheritors of such minor affairs pay for the privilege of being administered.

Therefore, with the approval of President Harding, the so-called Winslow Act became law in March, 1923, by which the Alien Property Custodian was authorized to pay off and get rid of all trusts of less than ten thousand dollars in value. When this is done he will be rid of ninety-three percent of the people on his lists, and a total of only \$40,000,000 will be subtracted from the guarantee fund held by the Government to insure the payment of American claims. It may be, too, that the pas-

sage of the Winslow Act prevented the release by Congress of the entire body of German property. Senator La Follette and others who think as he does have always favored that, and some sympathy was being manifested for their point of view, especially by Congressmen among whose constituents were many in the \$754 class. It is by no means impossible that in the end Congress will not release all the German property to its original owners. In which case, as I have said, if the German government cannot settle for the American claims, the American taxpayer must.

The release of the German property is urged by many American bankers on the theory that a dangerous precedent has been set by the nations in this war. Their argument is that at some time in the future we may lose a war. We haven't lost any yet—we lose nothing but conferences, as some witty diplomat once said—but, they say, we might. Our investments are expanding all over the world. Our foreign commerce is more than any one ever dreamed of its being, before the war, and according to Dr. Klein, head of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the time will come when we should sell all of our excess in manufactured products abroad. That would mean a state of permanent prosperity here, for every factory would then be going full blast all the time.

"Suppose we do lose a war," the bankers say. "Then if this precedent is to stand we would also lose all our property in enemy lands."

To which the reply is made:

"It would be just as easy to set a precedent after the next war as it was

after this one. Just because we refused to hold private property as a guarantee for public debts is no reason to suppose that the other nations would feel that way. Likewise the mere fact that property in enemy countries is liable to attachment as a guarantee for a public debt automatically creates a new and vigorous body of sentiment against going to war at all."

A great deal has already been done in the way of playing fair, even to the point of being generous. American women who had married Germans have been given back the property owned by them previous to 1917, at which date we entered the war. Under the Winslow Act, too, the Alien Property Custodian is permitted to pay ten thousand dollars a year out of trusts the income of which is greater than that sum. This has been a great relief to many previously well-to-do people. Doubtless, too, internal conditions have been aided in Germany, for many of these more fortunate ones now live in their own country, where fresh American money is sadly needed.

Custodian Miller recently reported to President Coolidge and Congress that he now has in cash two separate sums. One amounts to slightly more than \$180,000,000 in the United States Treasury, which sum will be increased as the trusts are liquidated. He is in almost the position of a president of a trust company, and his duty is to administer these German-owned properties for the benefit of all concerned. Where he thinks it to the best interest to sell or close out he does so, being permitted to sell property to the value of fifty thousand dollars without advertisement or other legal notice.

"This money has been withdrawn from the channels of legitimate trade," he said, "and it would seem desirable that it be returned."

No one has questioned that statement, but the situation is not a simple one. The title to the \$180,000,000 is vested in the original German owners. Hence they should be entitled to its use. But they will never see a penny of it if the German Government does not pay the claims of American sufferers by its action. It is precisely as though John Smith bought a cow on time and put up a Liberty Bond to insure that he will pay his note when due. The interest on the bond belongs to him. But if he does not pay the note he loses the bond.

One suggestion has been made that the German title-holders be permitted to borrow this money from our Government, through the intervention of a commercial bank or trust company, on giving proper security. Two things would be accomplished thereby. This large sum would be put to work in trade between the United States and Germany—at least most of it would, although that would hardly be made a condition—and the title-holders would not be kept out of the use of their property while its final disposition is unsettled. Both ends seem desirable, although some other means may be devised for its utilization.

The second sum is of \$28,000,000, consisting of interest earned on German moneys held by the Government. No provision was made in the law for the payment of this interest to the owners of the property, which was natural enough during the war. One could hardly ask a government to put to work enemy property for the benefit of the

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hostile nationals. Now that the war is over and a modicum of sweet peace has returned, it seems impracticable to pay this out in interest. It would be a hopeless and never-ending task, for one thing, to ascertain the owners and the amounts. Custodian Miller therefore suggests that some beneficial action be taken with this sum.

One plan is that it be used in the purchase of American foodstuffs to be shipped to the starving areas in Germany. It is understood that there is not precisely a shortage of food in Germany. Rather there is a shortage of money, and the German farmer who has raised a crop of rutabaga cannot see why he should be called on to sell the roots for paper money, bulk for bulk. He points out that his turnips have a definite worth and the frenzied marks have no value at all. So the German who has no food and no money is very apt to starve. Twenty-eight million dollars invested in American wheat and corn and potatoes would help the American farmer, and the food given to the needy Germans would save thousands of lives.

This, however, is a matter for Congressional disposition. It is worth observing that the \$347,000,000 worth of German property is being administered by the Government at as low a cost as one could ask. After that first period of confusion passed, during which all sorts of things happened, the office was put on a business basis. The duties were assigned to five different divisions and where practicable the management of the real estate in a given district was assigned to a responsible firm of real-estate operators. In corporate affairs the Custodian did not ask representation on a directorate when the alien's

holdings were less than a minority, except where such holdings formed an important part of the whole.

After Miller had been appointed Custodian by President Harding he was directed to prepare a report of the business done by the office since its inception. Although this was ordered by the law creating the office, it had never been done. His reports to date, therefore, cover the entire history of this important war function, and show that today this huge total, sub-divided into more than twenty-eight thousand trusts, is being managed for a total cost of \$747,000, which is made up of \$471,000 paid to directors, officers and lawyers out of the resources of the alien properties and \$276,000 in the Congressional appropriation for salaries of the Washington office. This represents a percentage on the total value of the properties of less than one percent.

One of the curious sidelights on the situation is that although more than twenty thousand small holders are entitled to walk up to the window and get their money—averaging \$754 each—fewer than four thousand have done so. They do not know what might happen to it if they got it. Someone else might seize it. The reparations account is still unsettled, and the Reparations Commission is trying to discover the whereabouts of German property in other countries. So they continue to trust Uncle Sam with it. It may not be safe with him. But it is at least safer with him than with any one else.

"How long will the operations of this office continue?" I asked Mr. Miller.

"How do I know?" he replied. "Look at Europe. They have hardly begun to mop up after the war. We might hold this property for another ten years."

## Forty Men Put In Five Hard Days

(Continued from page 9)

the Veterans Bureau, but not infrequently one looks at the law one way, and the other another way.

Members of the rehabilitation committee will talk to you about Regulation 35. (They have a language all their own, these genial and sincere enthusiasts.) Inquiry brings out that Regulation 35 provides that ratings of degree of disability, made "in the field," are subject to revision and change by a central rating board. The Bureau has held that there had to be some sort of central supervision, so that there would be uniformity in rating in all of the fourteen districts. The Legion has held that only those men who actually have seen the disabled man should set down the extent of his disability and that no one else should change that rating.

General Hines, director of the Bureau, met with the Rehabilitation Committee during part of the five days. His assistants were present, too. Sometimes it must have been embarrassing. The Legion experts on the disabled speak frankly. They have a gleam of earnestness in their eyes. It can be said for General Hines that he takes criticism standing up. There is an earnest gleam in his eyes, too.

The Legion committee told General Hines that Regulation 35 was not sound. They told why they thought it was not sound. Next day General Hines reappeared and said he had

thought over what they had to say and had come to agree with them that the regulation should be rescinded. Which means that hereafter all such cases will be rated in the field; that there will be no arbitrary changes of rating at central office and that there will be no delays of a week, or two months, while central office is acting. Which means, not that a certain regulation has been written off the books, but that Bill Jones of Keokuk will get his compensation in time to keep the landlord from evicting him.

After General Hines made his announcement, John Quinn got to his feet. "And now," said he, "it is up to you Legion men to do your part. You must see to it that there is no abuse of this order, that ratings in the field are made fairly, that the Government is protected as well as the disabled man." The Legion has no more use for gold-bricklers than it has for red tape.

The committee asked, too, that a disabled man's industrial handicap be considered, as well as his physical handicap, when a rating is made. In other words, here is a coal miner who has not been able to mine coal since he came out of the Army with a bad lung. The bad lung gets him fifty dollars a month disability. The man lacks sufficient education to do anything else but mine coal. He cannot earn a living with his mind, only with his body.

Here is another man who writes ad-

vertisements. His bad lung also nets him fifty dollars a month. He makes a hundred more on the side doing part-time writing. The committee believes that the first man rates an additional sum of money for industrial disability. The present conception is in opposition to the law-court theory of compensation, which gives higher damages to the man of higher attainments.

The committee asked for a medical director in the Veterans Bureau who should have charge of all doctors. This seems reasonable, on the face of it, and General Hines seems likely to grant it. The committee also asked that a training school be established in the Bureau for its physicians and that "diagnosis beds" be established to insure learning with more accuracy what is wrong with the disabled veteran.

Then there was the matter of the rating chart. It seems that this is a mysterious and sacred document that lays down the rules for rating all possible cases of disability. Despite its secret character, three copies turned up in the possession of Legion committeemen. The Legion argued that the rating chart was antiquated, that it was impractical in some places and unfair in others. Bureau doctors took the stand that the theory of it is sound but that it should be revised. The Legion insisted on a revision, immediate and constant, and Director Hines probably will grant it.

I said that Congress is revising the laws for the disabled. There is a committee on World War Veterans' Legislation in the House, formed at Legion request. A majority of the members, of both parties, are Legionnaires, as is Representative Royal C. Johnson, of South Dakota, Distinguished Service Cross, who is chairman.

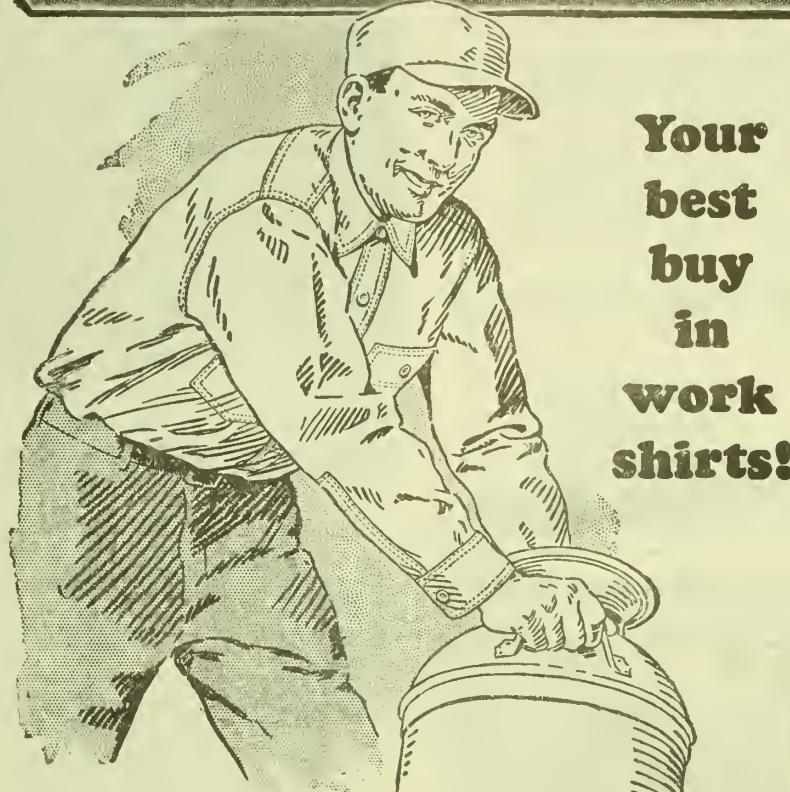
Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, spent some three months on the job of rewriting the existing laws and inserting the changes that the national Legion convention urged be adopted, and that were the fruit of five years of day-by-day experience with disabled men. He took his bill to Royal Johnson, who introduced it.

Then there were six weeks of hearings, every day almost. Each day Miller was present, as well as Director Hines and representatives of other veterans' organizations — except, oddly enough, the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, with its slogan of "everything for the disabled." Come to think of it, the United States Chamber of Commerce was not represented either, although you must know that this organization also wants "proper care for the sick and wounded boys."

Will such a conference mean something for the three hundred thousand disabled? Is the Legion forgetting high principles and trying to "raid the Treasury"? Is it forgetting wounded comrades, as one enemy charged recently in the press? No, for by the time these lines appear it is likely that the House will have adopted changes in the law that the Legion urges.

Another great step forward in the fight for the disabled. Another objective won. Those were five strenuous days in Washington—and five workable nights, too. The work of five years was summed up in those five days and analyzed. Congress heard the Legion speak. The Veterans Bureau listened with respect. Another step forward

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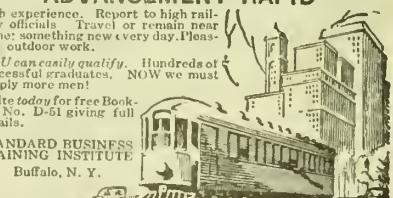
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During their five-day conference in Washington, members of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee and other leaders of the Legion's national program on behalf of disabled service men called on President Coolidge at the White House. From left to right those shown above are: Norman W. Engle, Seattle, Wash., National Liaison Representative; J. M. Dickinson, Jr., Chicago, National Committee; Watson B. Miller, Washington, D. C., Chairman, National Committee; Robert L. Black, Cincinnati, O., National Committee; President Coolidge; Philip Stapp, Indianapolis, Ind., member 8th District Committee; E. McE. Lewis, staff of National Legislative Committee; National Commander John R. Quinn; Harold E. McCullough, New York City, National Liaison Representative; Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau; Robert Smith, Secretary to the National Commander; Paul J. McGahan, Commander of the Department of the District of Columbia; Dr. Estes Nichols, Portland, Me., National Committee; Judge A. E. Graupner, San Francisco, Cal., National Committee; W. R. Hudson, Dallas, Tex., National Liaison Representative; John C. Vivian, Denver, Col., National Committee

for the disabled. The Legion worked five years, and forty men mulled it over five days, and the cause of the disabled was advanced. The disabled, wherever they may be, can count it as work well done. The man in the street, the average generous American, can pat himself on

the back as he reads the news that Congress has passed new laws for the disabled and can indulge in a glow of gratification as he asseverates once more that "Nothing is too good for the men who came back maimed or sick."

J. E. D.

## Legion Leaders in Work for Disabled

THE foundation of the system which the Legion maintains to help every disabled man is the National Rehabilitation Committee, composed of a national chairman at Washington, who has many assistants, and fourteen members, each of whom is also chairman of a Legion district rehabilitation committee for a group of States. Besides Watson B. Miller, National Chairman, the National Rehabilitation Committee includes:

DISTRICT 1 (Me., Vt., Mass., R. I. and N. H.), Dr. Estes Nichols, 1 Deering St., Portland, Me.

DISTRICT 2 (N. Y., N. J. and Conn.), William F. Peegan, 8 West 40th St., New York City.

DISTRICT 3 (Penn. and Del.), William H. DuBarry, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

DISTRICT 4 (D. of C., Va., W. Va. and Md.), James A. Drain, Wilkins Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DISTRICT 5 (Tenn., S. C., N. C., Ga. and Fla.), G. Heyward Mahon, Jr., Greenville, S. C.

DISTRICT 6 (Miss., La. and Ala.), Rudolph J. Weinmann, Maison Blanche Bldg., New Orleans, La.

DISTRICT 7 (Ind., O. and Ky.), Robert L. Black, Blymer Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

DISTRICT 8 (Wis., Mich. and Ill.), J. M. Dickinson, Jr., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

DISTRICT 9 (Ia., Kans., Neb. and Mo.), H. D. McBride, Boatmen's Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DISTRICT 10 (Mont., N. D., S. D. and Minn.), Charles E. Pew, Union Bank Bldg., Helena, Mont.

DISTRICT 11 (Utah, Colo., N. M. and Wyo.), John C. Vivian, 820 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.

DISTRICT 12 (Cal., Ariz. and Nev.), Adolphus E. Graupner, 871 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

DISTRICT 13 (Alaska, Wash., Ore. and Ida.), George R. Dreyer, Marion Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

DISTRICT 14 (Tex., Okla. and Ark.), O. B. Freeman, Dallas County, Bank Bldg., Dallas, Tex.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

4TH DIV.—Reunion smoker, May 10, 7.30 p.m., Yale Club, 50 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.

NEBRASKA B. H. UNIT 49—Fifth annual reunion, May 24, Burgess Nash Tea Rooms, Omaha, Neb. All members and ex-patients asked to address Miss Pearl Larson, Wise Memorial Hospital, Omaha.

BTY. A, 16TH F. A.—Former members interested in reunion in New York City in May, address Philip W. Joslin, Merchants National Bank Bldg., Worcester, Mass.

POLAR BEAR ASSN. AND 310TH ENGRS.—Reunion at Detroit, Mich., May 29-31.

82D DIV.—Reunion, Savannah, Ga., June 7.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

## Department Conventions

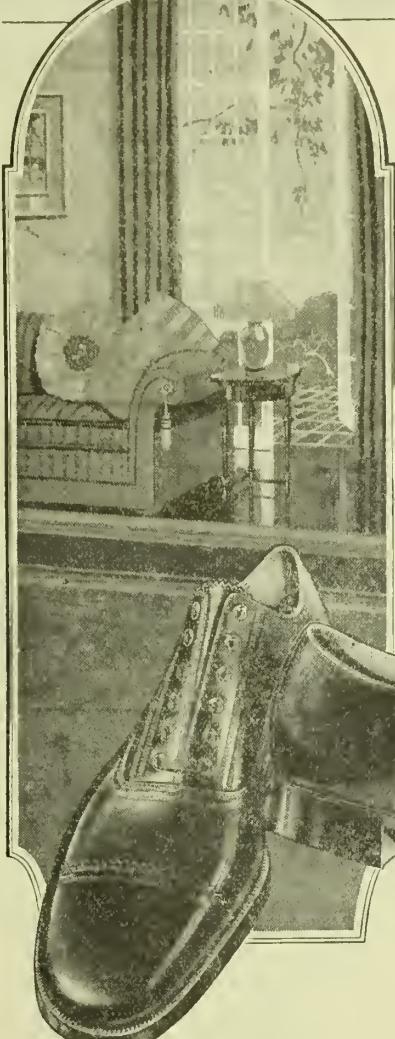
## Thus Far Announced

THE fact that the Legion's national convention will be held in St. Paul, Minnesota, September 15 to 19, one month earlier than national conventions in preceding years, has caused the dates for many department conventions also to be advanced. Following is a list of department conventions, with dates, which have so far been announced:

Department	Location	Date
ALABAMA	Tuscaloosa	July
ALASKA	Sitka	April 2
ARIZONA	Yuma	May 8-10
ARKANSAS	Fayetteville	Aug. 14-17
CALIFORNIA	Monterey	Aug. 11-14
CANADA	Montreal	Aug. 29-30
COLORADO	La Junta	Sept. 3-5
D. OF COLUMBIA	Washington	Aug. 7-8
FLORIDA	St. Petersburg	Mar. 27-29
GEORGIA	Savannah	June 5-6
HAWAII	Schofield Bks., Oahu, T. H.	August
IDAHO	Pocatello	...
ILLINOIS	Champaign	Sept. 1-3
INDIANA	Evansville	Aug. 25-27
KANSAS	Topeka	Sept. 2-4
MAINE	Augusta	August
MASSACHUSETTS	Pittsfield	Aug. 21-23
MEXICO	San Luis Potosi	April 18-19
MICHIGAN	Muskegon	Sept. 1-3
MINNESOTA	St. Cloud	Aug. 4-6
MISSISSIPPI	Jackson	Aug. 4-5
MISSOURI	Joplin	August
MONTANA	Helena	June 19-20
NEBRASKA	Grand Island	Aug. 25-27
NEVADA	Las Vegas	May 14-15
N. HAMPSHIRE	Weirs	Aug. 26-28
NEW JERSEY	Newark	Aug. 15-16
NEW YORK	Alexandria Bay	Sept. 4-6
N. CAROLINA	Asheville	Sept. 1-2
N. DAKOTA	Mandan	{ June 30 July 1-2
OHIO	Zanesville	Aug. 18-19
OKLAHOMA	Ada	July 20-22
OREGON	Portland	June 11-14
PENNSYLVANIA	Greensburg	Aug. 14-16
RHODE ISLAND	East Greenwich	Aug. 15-16
S. DAKOTA	...	July 30-31
TENNESSEE	Johnson City	Aug. 18-20
TEXAS	Brownwood	Aug. 18-20
VERMONT	Newport	Aug. 15-16
VIRGINIA	Danville	Aug. 25-27
WASHINGTON	Walla Walla	Sept. 11-13
W. VIRGINIA	Charleston	Aug. 17-19
WISCONSIN	Chippewa Falls	Aug. 14-15
WYOMING	Casper	Aug. 25-26

Europe has discovered the world's champion war contortionist in Pierre Francois Bayens, the "Fighting Neutral." Born of a Belgian father and a German mother near Brussels, Bayens, although of advanced age, enlisted in the Royal Belgian Grenadiers in 1913. He shared in the retreat in 1914, deserted at Havre and joined the French Foreign Legion. Later he slipped across the line in the uniform of a dead German, served in the enemy forces, was transferred to a Saxon regiment and again deserted, this time to the Rumanians. He was in four major offensives, was twice wounded, and is reported to be entitled to medals from the Belgian, German, French, Polish, Austrian and Rumanian armies. Along with his fighting he plied his trade of picking the pockets of both dead and living comrades. This story has been supported by the Paris prefecture of police and verified in Berlin and Bucharest.

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The American Legion  
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Dear Frank:

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City..... State.....

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My mailing address.....

I belong to Post No.....



Wrap up a quarter in the blank, inclose in an envelope and mail at once.

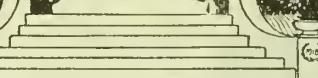
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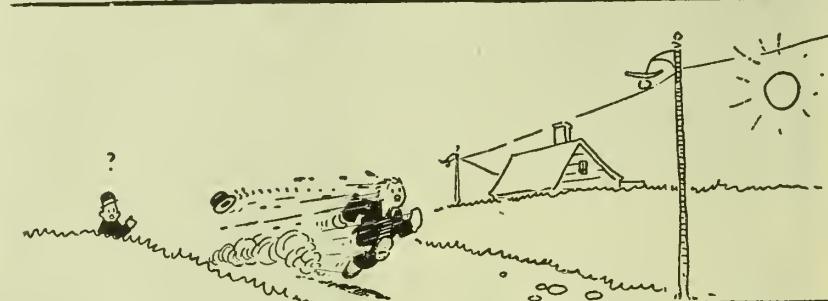
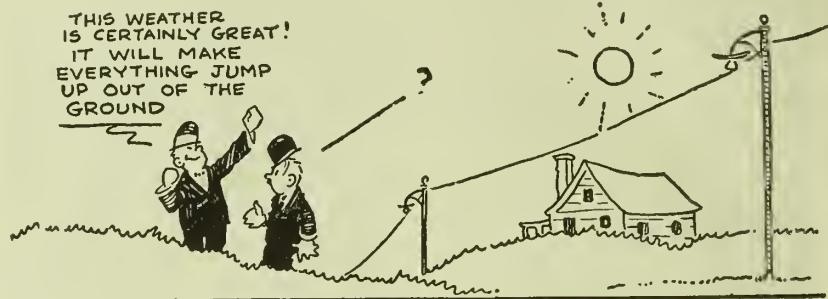
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EDWARD M. CULLOUGH

### Call It Seven-Eighths

Tom: "Where's your better half?"  
Dick: "Don't know. Never was good at fractions."

### Sure Enough

Teacher: "Name one bird of prey."  
Pupil: "The robin."  
"Are you sure? Think now."  
"I'm just as sure as the earthworms are."

### Take No Chances

It was a bumpy old vehicle that was taking the traveler to the station. What's more, it was the slowest thing since the Ark, and its passenger was becoming fearful of missing his train.

"Is your horse sick?" he asked the driver, after the beast had pulled up against the side of the road again and was contemplating nature.

"Nope."

"Balky?"

"Nope—but he's so danged afraid I'll say 'Whoa!' an' he won't hear me that he stops every quarter of a mile to listen."

### Another Imperfection

"When a man has too many wives he is arrested."

"Why can't the law come to his relief also when he has too much wife?"

### To the Purple Born

North: "Why are you so sure that your wife would make a successful Congresswoman?"

West: "Because what she says is law."

### Missing

She's dead and buried now, I ween.  
For some few years she has been misse  
We have the girl who's sweet sixteen,  
But where's the one who's ne'er bee  
kissed?

### Due

De Style: "Did you recover entirely fro  
your operation?"

Gunbusta: "No. The doctor says I ha  
two more payments to make."

### You Don't Say

"Mrs. Density, we are polling a stra  
vote for president. Your husband favo  
McAdoo, doesn't he?"

"Why, no, I hadn't noticed the slighte  
resemblance between them."

### A Fair Offer

Judge: "What have you to say for you  
self?"

Casey: "If ye can prove me guilty, I'  
open to conviction."

### Correction

"Binks says his girl gave him a vaca  
state."

"That was her father. It was his ki  
that made the stair vacant."

### Under Suspicion

Several members of a women's club we  
chatting with a little daughter of thei  
hostess.

"I suppose you're a great help to yo  
mother," suggested one.

"Oh, yes," replied the youngster, "a  
so is Ethel, but today it's my turn to co  
the spoons after the company has gone."



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**The American Legion Weekly**

627 West 43d Street, City

## When Buying Bonds

By "Finance"

When considering the purchase of bonds there are of course certain points which it is necessary to bear in mind. We have before us a circular describing a recent issue of public utility bonds, and a perusal of it indicates what things the underwriting syndicate considers important. These things are mentioned in a letter from the president of the borrowing corporation to the syndicate; he has attempted to provide answers in advance to questions he knows the investing public will ask.

First of all he explains what his company is, how it is organized, where it is located, and what its activities are. He gives its capitalization in detail showing how this issue of bonds is related to other bond issues outstanding, and where it ranks in relation to these other issues. He goes on to tell how additional bonds of this issue and series may be issued, and under what conditions. He mentions that the deed of trust provides for an improvement fund, under the operation of which a certain percentage of the earnings from its various activities must be paid over to the trustee at stated intervals, and used for maintenance, additions, and betterments, and to satisfy certain sinking fund requirements.

Next he takes up the purpose of this issue, and tells what the proceeds of their sale will be used for, showing that as a result the properties will be enhanced in value and the investment rating of the bonds raised. He tells how many customers the corporation has and what the population of the territory it serves is, thus indicating the possibilities of increased business to be done. Further, he gives the names of the cities in the corporation's field of activity and the population of each. He tells what the generating capacity of the gas properties is, the extent of the distributing system; how many miles of city railway properties are being operated, and how fully they are equipped with car barns, signal systems, repair shops, and rolling stock. He describes their electric trunk line railroads in the same way, and mentions the sources of its revenues, how they are derived from freight, express, passengers, etc., and in what proportions.

Next he takes up earnings, an item in which investors must always be intensely interested, shows how the past year compared with the year preceding, calls attention to the increase, and how annual interest on the total mortgage debt outstanding has been earned more than twice over.

A recent appraisal of the properties, he states, shows a value very substantially in excess of the total debt of the corporation and its subsidiaries. He tells how these bonds are secured, on what properties they are a first mortgage, on what collateral liens, to what extent they are secured by the deposit of other securities, and so forth. Finally he tells about the corporation's franchises, and management, how long the franchises have to run, and their nature, and the names of the board of directors.

The president, in other words, in his letter has mentioned all the things an investor ought to know about the bonds. And what the president of the borrowing corporation considers important, the investor cannot afford to ignore on his part.

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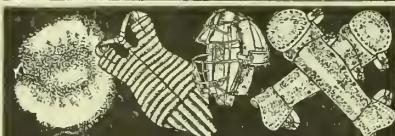
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## T A P S

The deaths of Legion Members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

CAROL E. CAVANAUGH, Homer Anderson Post, Cumberland, Wis. D. Apr. 10, aged 29. Served with Battery D, 14th Regt., F. A. R. D.

HARLAN M. COENHAVER, Fowler (Ind.) Post. D. Mr. 27. Served with Battery B, 67th F. A.

ROBERT G. DENIG, Perry Post, Sandusky, O. D. Apr. 9, aged 72. Served as instructor on flagship *Chicago* and at S. A. T. C. at Hamilton College.

LOUIS DURBIN, Weekly-Rowland Post of St. Elmo, Ill. D. Apr. 13, aged 34. Served with Engineers.

CHARLES E. GOODWIN, Frank P. Hommon Post, Huntingdon, Pa. D. Apr. 4, aged 35. Served with Supply Co., 103rd Eng., 28th Div.

ALBERT HORTON, Burton Potter Post, Greenport, N. Y. D. Mar. 30. Served as Warrant Machinist, U. S. Navy.

WILLIAM V. LOFTUS, Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Germantown, Pa. D. Apr. 9, aged 30. Served with Hdqrs. Det., 53rd Art. Brig., 28th Div.

GEORGE A. LYTHE, Barrington (Ill.) Post. D. Feb. 14 at Walter Reed Hosp., Washington, aged 52. Home at Barrington. Served as Major, Q. M. C.

THOMAS McGREGORY, James E. Fisher Post of Junction City, O. D. Apr. 8. Served with 336th F. H., 309th San. Tr., 84th Div.

JOHN J. MALO, Luther I. Snapp Post, Marshall, Minn. D. Jan. 21, aged 34. Served with 20th Eng.

NELS MONSON, Oscar Lee Post, Dawson, Minn. D. Apr. 12 at Montevideo, Minn. Served with Co. L, 127th Inf., 32d Div.

CLIFFTON B. MUMFORD, Capt. Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City. D. March 15, aged 36. Served with Ordnance Corps, Ft. Slocum.

DEVER PHILLIPS, Joseph Freeman Post, Wilkesville, O. D. March 15. Served with Co. H, 330th Inf., 83d Div.

MARTIN J. POWERS, Carson Pirie Scott Post, Chicago, Ill. D. Apr. 12, at Muskegon, Mich. Home at Chicago. Served with 1st Div., Q. M. C.

CLYDE E. REED, Ravenna (Ohio) Post. D. Apr. 9, aged 28. Served with Co. C, 136 M. G. Bn., 37th Div.

ANDREW SANDLAND, Frederick E. Cossentine Post, Eagle Bend, Minn. D. Mar. 4, aged 29. Served with Bty. F, 337th F. A., 88th Div.

JAMES P. (BOB) SEWARD, Bernard Gill Post, Shawnee, Okla. D. Mar. 24, aged 30. Served with Co. G, 343d Inf., 86th Div.

HARRY L. SMITH, Paul Frank Florine Post, Fort Atkinson, Wis. D. Mar. 5, aged 29. Served with 32d Div.

VIVIAN A. TELL, Alan Seeger Post, Mexico City, Mex. D. April 4 at Eagle Pass, Tex., aged 37. Served with Bty. D, 132d F. A., 36th Div.

HARVEY E. THRALL, Edward Carlson Post, Deer Creek, Minn. D. March 19, aged 23. Served as radio electrician, U. S. Navy.

WALTER WAGEMAKER, Williamson (N. Y.) Post. D. Mar. 17. Served with Amb. Co. 106, 102d Sanitary Train, 27th Div.

## LEGION LIBRARY

### Book Service

ADDITIONAL books of interest to Legionnaires and to Legion post librarians, listed for the first time, are offered at considerable reductions from the original prices. Outfit histories and other war books obtainable from Book Service may be found in other issues.

A HISTORY OF THE TRANSPORT SERVICE. By Vice-Admiral Albert Gleaves, commander of convoy operations on the Atlantic. Adventures and experiences of U. S. transports and cruisers. Contacts with enemy submarines. Summarized records of transport service, 123 illustrations. 284 pages. Reduced price: \$4.80.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH. By Berton Braley. A collection of thirty songs and poems of the war. 84 pages. Reduced price: 80 cents.

THE PICTORIAL ALBUM OF THE FIRST OVER THERE. Compiled by members of B. H. 4, the very first unit of American troops to set foot on foreign soil. The volume contains histories of B. H. 4 and Mobile Hosp., 50 rosters of both units, 500 photographs, 70 drawings and cartoons and reproductions of French war posters. 117 pages, 11 x 14. Special price: \$3.50.

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## Hist! Something Stirring! It's Buddy's New Shaving Brush!

Buddy conceded that some A. E. F. barbers were worthy of the Order of the Striped Pole. Others, he opined, rated a striped uniform and a Sing Sing shingle haircut.

But the A. E. F. couldn't have won without its shaving brush sheiks. They put the keen edge on Buddy's fighting face.

The Company Barber got 'em all, sooner or later. Even the Skipper couldn't skip this detail, without facing a general court plaster.

And the Top Kicker couldn't say cutting things to the Company Barber while getting his neck sandpapered.

The barber's chair had been artfully by the company mechanic out of swiped lumber and salvaged ammunition cases. But the strop strafers was prouder of that doughboy throne than if he owned a ten-passenger tonsorial palace.

The day before inspection was the time for the Company Barber to make hay—and mattress makin's. Sometimes his haircuts were famous: They aided the company fund; and the company fun.

Yes, he helped put life into the outfit, just where some of 'em needed it the most—from the neck up.

At that time Buddy thought grease was only useful as a field shoe cosmetic. As for using it on the hair, he left that to pursued porkers on the county fair circuit.

And he considered a pompadour to be very stylish.

\* \* \*

Well, pompadours are still stylish!

But for shaving brushes only.

Some shaving brushes used in France may still be on the job. If so, it's about time to throw away such bald face-dusters.

Buddy's pals of the tonsorial profession are in the market now and at all times for first quality shaving brushes.

Brushes which meet you to your face and are good mixers.

Brushes which have charms to soothe the savage beard and make the going safe for safety razors.

Which do not moul in the Springtime. Or broadcast bristles in their wake like a porcupine distributing campaign stickers.

There are such brushes in the world.

Advertising their merits in The Weekly will get them off the dealers' shelves and into the stir-up cups of Legionnaire barbers.

As well as into the shaving kits of Buddy's pals who smear their own.

Attached is a kupe. At the command "Next!" carry the right hand smartly to the shears. Kindly klip kupe, fill out and mail. Help increase lather luxury for Buddy's army of self-shavers and professional tonsoreadors!

### "The 40 and 8's Are Here to Stay, Parlez Vous"

Buddy believes they are. Any organization whose members work as hard for The Legion as do the Hommes is bound to make good.

### Buddy Will Reward Them

To the liveliest viiture, which proves its liveliness by sending in the greatest number of coupons from this talk, Buddy will present the original drawing of a Wally Cartoon. He'll tell the world about it, too.

To the Advertising Manager,

627 West 43rd Street, New York

I would like to see the following brand of Shaving Brush advertised in our Weekly:

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Address .....

I am a ..... dealer ..... salesman ..... consumer

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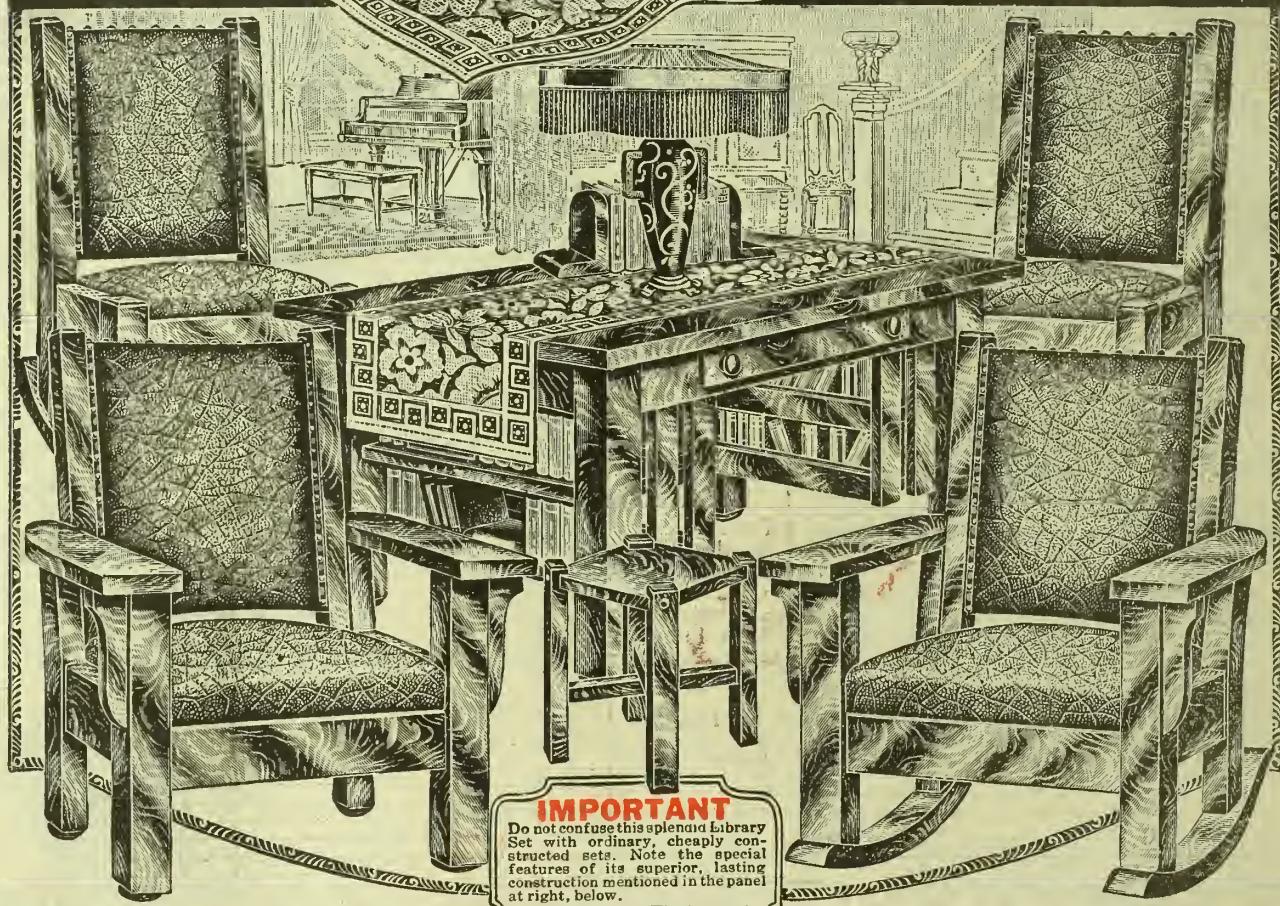
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